RETURN FROM A DEER HUNT, MUSKOKA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

RABBIT BAY.—LAKE OF BAYS, MUSKOKA.

CANADA possesses in its Muskoka region one of the most magnificent health and pleasure resorts on the broad continent. These Highlands of Ontario are an earthly paradise for the seeker after rest, health, pleasure or sport. It consists of an elevated plateau, containing over 800 lakes, varying in size from thirty miles in extent to mere miniature lily ponds connected with the larger lakes by rivers or rivulets. The waters of most of these lakes are dark and soft, and teeming with the gamiest of fresh-water fish—maskinonge, salmon-trout, black bass, pickerel and perch. The larger lakes are studded with rocky

AMONG THE ISLANDS OF MUSKOKA LAKES.

isles, varying in size from hundreds of acres in extent to small moss-grown rocky islets with one or more stunted specimens of pine. The darksome shores, densely wooded and fringed to the water's edge with pine, cedar and other evergreen, are still the haunt of deer, hare, grouse, porcupine, foxes and fur-bearing animals, while even yet, in the more solitary wilds, the lordly moose, the wolf and the black bear are still to be found.

Islands and points can be secured and summer cottages erected at small cost. The mean daily temperature for five years was about 66 degrees, while the thermometer seldom rises above 90 degrees or falls below 45 degrees.

The elevation of this region is about 1,000 feet above the sea, and this, combined with the rocky nature of the soil and the proximity of so many pine forests renders the climate remarkably healthful. There is no better place for neurasthenic patients and persons suffering from physical and mental overwork, or other debilitating in-

CAMPING PARTY ON SHORES OF LAKE ROSSEAU.

fluences. Consumptives do well under proper medical management, many being entirely cured, while others meet with considerable improvement.

Leaving the Grand Trunk train on its arrival at Muskoka Wharf, the traveller is at once conveyed by one of the fine steamers to any required point on the lakes. The first stopping-place of importance is Beaumaris, about fourteen miles from Gravenhurst. For years past this has been a very attractive place, not only for Canadians, but for visitors from the United States, and especially for Pennsylvanians.

Mortimer's Point is about equidistant from Beaumaris and Bala, and between this point and Bala there is probably the best bass and pickerel fishing on the three larger lakes. There are a large number of summer cottages in this locality, most of which are owned by citizens of Toronto.

Passing through the Narrows we enter Bala Bay, and after a two-hours' sail reach the pretty village of Bala, which is situated at the junction of Muskoka Lake and the Muskoka River.

Port Carling is a picturesque little hamlet situated on the Government locks between Lake Rosseau and the Indian River. The Port has a free public library and reading-room with about four hundred volumes of standard works, and the leading Toronto dailies, as well as Harper's, Century and other magazines and papers.

As the steamer leaving Port Carling emerges from the Indian River into Rosseau Lake, a glimpse of Windermere may be seen across the four-mile intervening stretch of water. The lower part of Lake Rosseau is gemmed with numerous beautiful islets and has been appropriately called Venetia, as the only mode of travel by the many cottagers on these isles is by water. Ferndale here nestles in a deep sheltered bay. From the summer cottages on the high cliffs very extended and pleasing vistas are to be seen.

Chief among the beauties of Rosseau, and reached by a few strokes of the paddle, is the romantic Shadow River, where every leaf and twig is reproduced with such startling fidelity as to induce the

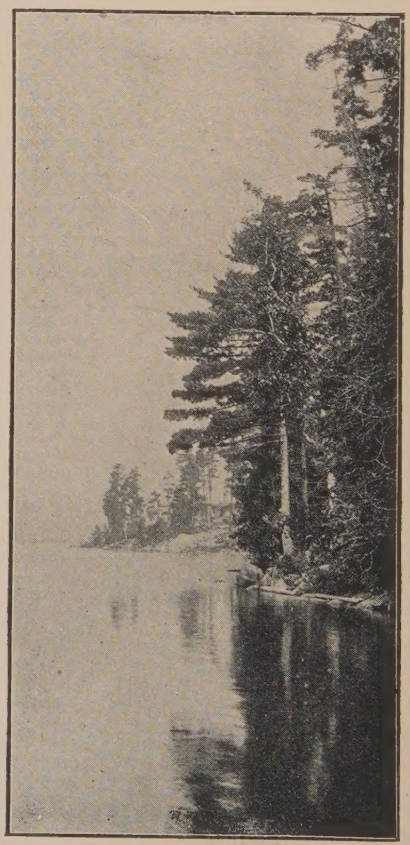
MUSKOKA WHARF.—MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT.

SHADOW RIVER, MUSKOKA.

curious to dip paddle or oar below the surface to distinguish the substance from the shadow. While the colour of Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau is dark, that of Lake Joseph is a beautiful clear blue, at once refreshing for bathing and of the best drinking quality.

It is a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, when travelling, either for adventure or mere pleasure, to penetrate as deep as possible into the forest, or to reach the source of river or head of lake, in order to see what is at the other end, or in the hope of reaching some spot, fairer or containing even wilder beauty than the scene just passed. So, as we look around the spacious deck of our staunch craft, as the whistle sounds, and casting off from the wharf the prow again heads northward, we find that a large party of eager and mirthful travellers still remains on board. Our curiosity is soon gratified, for as we swing into mid-stream or mid-lake, we soon descry in the gathering gloom of evening "a house set upon a hill," the well-known Summit House, of Port Cockburn, on a bold promontory, half hidden by grand monarch pines and beautiful shade-trees.

Many persons prolong their visit through September and even into October, indeed the glory of the lakes is then at its best. The poplars and birches flare on every island and hillside. The red maple burns like a funeral pyre, the Indian summer lingers long among these lovely isles. The sombre pines seem more sombre still amid the autumn glory with which the season ends. The stately blood-red cardinal flower gives place to the crimson berries of the haw and scarlet leaves of the dying maple.



A QUIET NOOK, LAKE JOSEPH.

On Shadow River is reflected in the depths the scarlet dyes of the forest, like Joseph's coat of many colours.

One of the most noticeable features of Muskoka life is the "shopping." You do not go to the store in Muskoka, but as in the case of Mahomet's Mountain, the store comes to you, and never was any village general store so stocked with the delicacies and necessaries of life as are those of the welcome and well-known "supply boats," of which there are two plying on the lakes and calling on all the hotels, cottages and camps, delivering goods and taking orders as your butcher and grocer does in town. The stores are shipped at Rosseau and Port Carling, and distributed thence over the lakes. The daily "supply trips" are often availed of by parties desiring a pleasant sail on the lakes, the boats calling at many islands and passing through channels and scenes of beauty, rarely, if ever, reached by the larger boats.

JERUSALEM: THE OLD, THE NEW.

A HEBREW LYRIC OF PROPHECY.

BY HELEN MARION WALTON.

Jerusalem, the olden,
Above the ether skies,
Where lives our God, Jehovah,
And dwell the good, the wise
Who climbed the stony hills of time
With bleeding feet and sore;
And at the end they found their home,
Their rest for evermore.

But what of those, who, left behind,
Were martyred one by one,
Whose bones were left on every shore,
To bleach beneath the sun?
Be comforted, ye people mine,
Have neither wrath nor fear,
For sure as God in Heaven lives
Deliverance is near.

A sun is rising in the East,
Whose rays so sharp and bright
Will sever, cut, the Christian world
And leave it in its night.
And on its ashes shall arise
A temple broad and fair,
A new Jerusalem on earth
Of love and tender care.

Lift up your hearts, rejoice again,
O people of this hour!
The old Red Sea is nearly crossed
And lost is Pharaoh's power.
Aye, sodden Palestine will bud
And blossom once again,
And every Hebrew in the land
Will join the great Amen.

And grand old prophets will arise
And great rejoicing be,
When this, our new Jerusalem,
The good, the kind, the free,
Shall live again on mother earth,
With all its works sublime,
And with its peace and sacred books
Float down the realm of time.

The silent Rothschilds never more
Their precious gold will give;
And grand old Hirsch's silver stamp
For sufferance to live.
The great Sanhedrin ever lives
And all its pages show
The Armageddon battle fought,
And that not long ago.

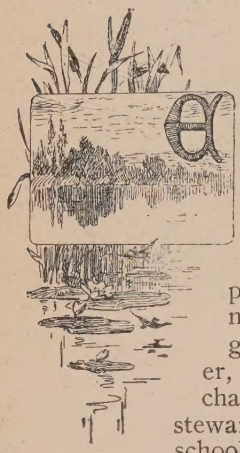
'Twas when the iron house was made
Beside the sullen sea,
That Frenchmen swore themselves away
From truth and liberty.
And when the humble Dreyfus, Jew,
Was from his prison cast,
That every one beheld the plot,
The great world stood aghast.

One day of prophecy is more
Than twice ten thousand days,
For God, Jehovah, ever lives
Nor changes in His ways.
And righteous hands will smite again
The cymbal and the drum,
Will wrong and cruelty be made
For ever, ever dumb.

The royal palm will wave again
Anear old Jordan's tide;
And weary prophets seek its shade
To ever there abide.
While loud Hosannas will be heard
From every lip and tongue,
For every heart shall have its peace
And holy psalms be sung.

THE DAILY WORK OF A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. H. GULLIFORD.



AN Indian missionary has all kinds of work to do. He is the centre and moving force of all that is done in his circuit. He is superintendent, young man, general evangelist, special preacher, circuit-steward, chapel-steward, poor-steward, architect, builder, school inspector, and everything else that is needed to give life and movement to the work of God—temporal and spiritual—within his own charge.

The ideal missionary life, in some respects, is that of the evangelist who travels unfettered with but one object: the proclamation of the Gospel; with no flock to feed, no schools to catechise, no buildings to plan and build, but free to devote all his time and energy to preaching Christ. The work of our Society has grown to such an extent that we have no English missionaries to spare for exclusive work of this description. Most, however, try to secure an occasional week or fortnight for a preaching tour; but the time for this, in our older stations at any rate, is becoming each year less and less. In days of yore it was not so; the country was unoccupied; no churches required visitation; no out-stations needed oversight; but to-day the evangelist has become "overseer," whose whole time is all too little for the inspection and control of the different branches of the work.

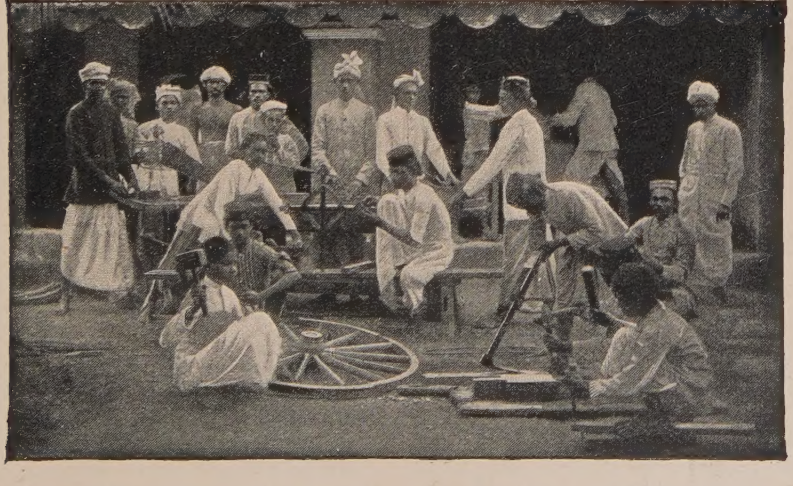
The daily life of the evangelist

TYPICAL VILLAGE, INDIA.

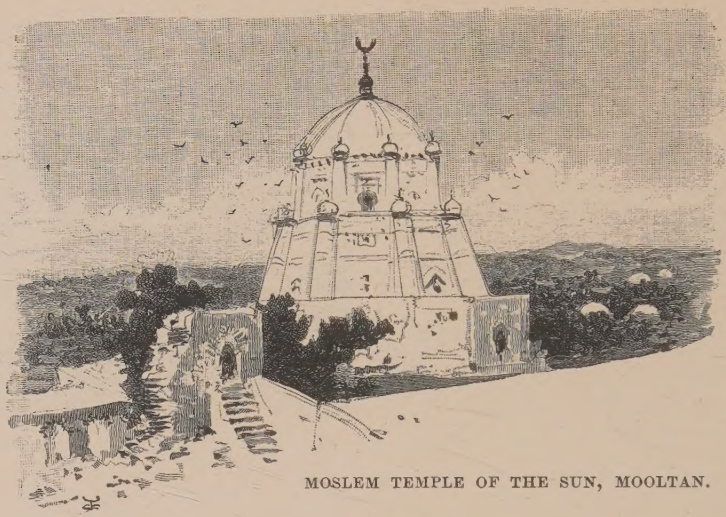
has elements of sameness in it, but there is generally plenty of incident and something of romance. To do the work comfortably he needs a tent and its appurtenances. That means a number of carts and followers, which the missionary can ill afford; consequently he often goes without them. A cart or two he *must* have: a rough vehicle, without springs, padded with straw, and drawn along by oxen at the surprising speed of from two to three miles an hour. In the carts the preaching party and their equipment are stored away. The party consists of the missionary, a native preacher, a colporteur, one or two lads from the orphanage to assist in singing and make themselves generally useful, a servant, and the bullock-drivers.

INDIAN DAY SCHOOL.

The equipment has to be elaborate; for all one needs for the whole journey has often to be taken: food, such as bread, preserved meat, tea, sugar, etc.; pots and pans for cooking; blankets and clothes, and a cot to sleep on; for one does not meet with hospitable Methodists in every village, neither is there "mine host" to provide for the wants of the itinerating preacher. Then the magic-lantern and all that pertains thereto must be packed up, as well as the colporteur's stock of books, and various other articles that are necessary for a fortnight's tour. Having carefully mapped out the journey, the party starts to visit some of the unfrequented villages of the wide circuit. The dry season is usually chosen for work of this kind, for then the rains and unbridged rivers present no difficulty. An account of an actual day's work will best



INDUSTRIAL MISSION SCHOOL.



MOSLEM TEMPLE OF THE SUN, MOOLTAN.

show what the work of an itinerant evangelist really is.

The night had been spent under a tree, because we were much more exempt from attacks of vermin there than we should have been in a native house. There was little or no danger from malaria at that season of the year, so exposure to the night air was not imprudent. We were up with the dawn, and after a cup of tea and some bread were ready for the work of the day. We arranged to breakfast at a village some six miles away; and as there were several villages on each side of the track, we resolved to divide our forces. The native minister and the orphan boys took the villages on the left, while the missionary and the colporteur took those on the right. The native minister and his companions visited and preached in two villages before reaching the place where we had agreed to meet.

The missionary and the colporteur walked off in the delicious coolness of the morning air along a track that could hardly be dignified with the name of road. The country was rough and hilly, and after proceeding about a couple of miles, we saw a little village in the midst of some fields. It was enclosed by a high mud wall; for in days of yore the petty chieftain that lived on the neighbouring *drug*, or fortified hill, often sallied out with his retainers to secure plunder, and each village community had to take care of itself. Thanks to the benign strong rule of the British, there is no further need of such walls, but in many cases they remain to remind men of the troublous and not very remote times when life and property were at the mercy of any one who could raise a few armed retainers.

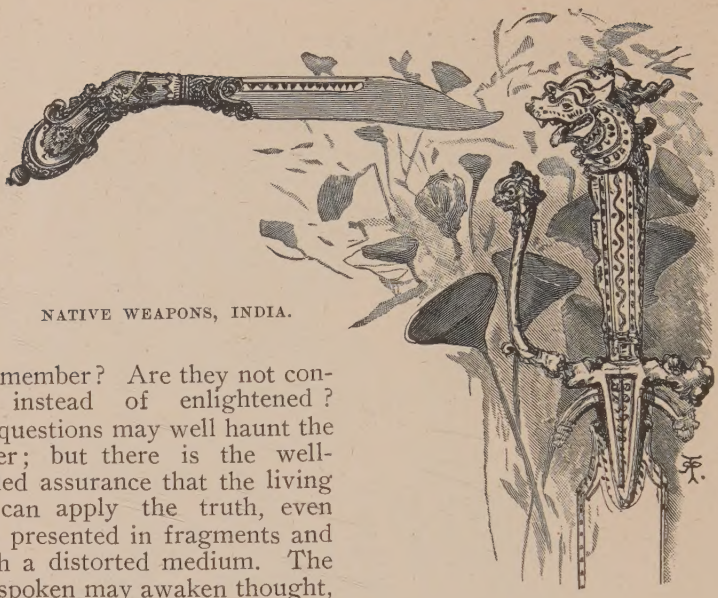
We found some men outside the village engaged in the slaughter of a sheep for food, and ascertained from them that most of the villagers were at home. We entered the gateway and passed through some narrow, dirty streets to an open space in the centre of the village. The pariah dogs barked furiously, and helped to advertise our arrival. One here and another there came out to see what was the matter. The colporteur, whose great accomplishment is fiddling, began to play an accompaniment to a lyric. This unwonted musical performance soon attracted a crowd; the congregation was

ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE, INDIA.

ready. But what a gathering! Little unclad children came to the front; fathers, with a scrap of clothing, stood around; women, gracefully attired in the long *sari,* kept in the background.

We could not learn that they had ever been visited by a preacher before; they knew nothing of Christianity. Here, then, is virgin soil. Alas, no! It is the hard wayside, made solid and bare by the customs of caste and the ceremonies of heathenism. The problem pushes itself forward: How to give these people, in one short address, an intelligent idea of Christ, so that they may come to him and be saved. No problem is so difficult. Look at it. The people are absolutely ignorant of Christianity; their minds are full of degrading, slavish superstitions; not one of them can read; their religious vocabulary connotes ideas often antagonistic to and generally differing from those which are distinctively Christian; that is the instrument to be used for conveying Christian truth; many of the people are not likely to hear the Gospel again—this is the one opportunity. These considerations are enough to appal.

But the congregation is waiting; and the preacher has to do something. At best he can give them but a fragment of the orb of truth. So with a medium already weighted with error, he tries to tell them of a God not made with hands, their Maker, their Preserver, their Redeemer; he speaks of the human heart, its deceit, its wilfulness, its sin; he tells them of the love of their Father in heaven, of the gift of His Son, of their need of Him, and His willingness to receive them. But when he has finished, how much can these dull, dense minds comprehend? How much will



NATIVE WEAPONS, INDIA.

they remember? Are they not confused instead of enlightened? These questions may well haunt the preacher; but there is the well-grounded assurance that the living Spirit can apply the truth, even though presented in fragments and through a distorted medium. The words spoken may awaken thought, arouse dormant feeling, and lead to action. We offer a prayer to the great Spirit that these may be enlightened; we leave a few leaflets with instructions that when one who can read comes to the village they must ask him to read the tracts to them; and then we make our *salaam,* and hasten on.

After another mile or two (one can judge distance only by one's feelings), we come to another village. We enter, and a crowd soon gathers. The people are cleaner and more intelligent-looking than those in the village we have left. Here is a school. This makes a wonderful difference to our work, though it is not a mission school. Preaching is far more easy, for there is more to appeal to. Our congregation is very like the one we have left, in size and appearance. The music and singing are listened to with attention. The people are familiar with pastoral life. We tell them the story of the Good Shepherd. We enforce its lessons. The people understand us. But what a small portion of Christian truth to leave with them. Better to leave one truth firmly held than a dozen vaguely comprehended. The people can read. The colporteur has a stock of books varying in price from half a farthing to sixpence. The cheap books find many purchasers, so we have the satisfaction of knowing that when we are gone a portion of the written Word remains.

The morning's work is not yet done. We cross the fields to reach a third village, but we find most of the people are absent. A few women remain, but they are afraid to come out of their houses. Not far from the village we see three men. We join them and enter into conversation. As the sun is getting high in the heavens, and we are not yet at our halting-place, we leave our message and hasten on, though slowly, for exertion is not easy. At the next village we meet those from whom we parted in the early morning. The village is a large one. We have come late and many have no leisure. We have a fair audience, and three of us give addresses. Conversation follows. Idolatry, transmigration, and similar topics are discussed, objections met, and truth enforced. Several have heard the Gospel be-

fore at a great heathen festival celebrated not many miles away. They recognize me as an old acquaintance. It is pleasing to find that the truth has been remembered. The village school, which is under Government inspection, is next visited. The children are catechised, but not for long, as they are ready for their midday meal, as we are for our breakfast.

We retire to a tall, wide-spreading tree, and are glad to stretch ourselves on the burnt-up grass, while the meal is being made ready. The glare of the reflected rays is distressing; all nature is hushed by the intense heat; and there is no refreshing breeze to fan the fevered brow. Breakfast ready, we must try to eat. The bread is many days old and, like Joseph's coat, of many colours; no vegetables can be had for love or money. Tinned meat and dry, hard, mouldy bread are not very appetizing in such weather, but we ate as a duty. The teapot is our chief resource; we drink frequently without feeling inclined to say "enough."

Our rest during the heat of the day is not long, for we have to make another village for the night. So in the afternoon, when it is so hot that everything is grilling, we make a start. We get into the carts and crawl along, now in the semblance of a track, now over a field, and now down a deep *nullah,* or ditch. We soon lose ourselves, and can find no road anywhere; for we are in the midst of a cultivated field. A man is discovered in the distance. We make for him, and get put into the way of finding a track. But the way is so difficult we must get out and walk. We trudge along. A little village is a short way ahead. We get there with some trouble. The men are at work, the women flee, and cannot be persuaded to come and listen to us. We reach our destination, and seek accommodation for the

HINDU WATER-CARRIER.

night. We are first shown a "choultry," a building about ten feet square, open in front to the main street; a place where privacy is impossible. Next, there is the police station. That is about the same size, but there is no window where a breath of air can come in. Lastly, there is a "tope," or grove, outside the village near a running stream. We at once selected the open air for our encampment. We announced that we should come into the village in the evening to exhibit a magic-lantern and preach. They must prepare a suitable place for us.

We went to our camping place, refreshed ourselves with tea, and in the twilight hour with a delightful bath in the running stream. We partook of our evening meal, which was very similar to our morning one. We had, however, a box for a table, the camp-cot for a chair; and by the aid of a lantern were able to distinguish between our food and the numerous insects of various species that came claiming their share. Ants of many varieties demanded a right of way across meat and bread, plate and cup, and would not be refused. beetles came buzzing around;

WOMEN AT THE WELL, NAZARETH, INDIA.

grasshoppers made merry; and the praying mantis stood in reverent attitude.

About eight o'clock we went with magic-lantern to the place appointed: an empty shop open to the street. We made ready, and soon had the street blocked, and scores more sitting in the verandahs on the opposite side. We were breaking the law in thus blocking the street, but the police inspector was present, and the people willed it. The operator was shut up in a stifling little hole, where it was difficult to breathe; the preacher was in front of the screen, which we could not place in the open, as it was a brilliant moonlight night. The native minister and myself took it in turns to operate and expound. We place in the lantern scenes illustrating the life of Christ—parables, miracles, etc. By this means we convey truth through two of the senses—the eye and the ear.

The audience, numbering some hundreds, eagerly gaze at the pictures, and as attentively listen to the exposition. One of the hearers often constitutes himself spokesman, and he makes a running comment on the preacher's discourse by interjecting such phrases as: "That is a good word;" "That is a true word;" "We must believe that;" "There is no objection to that." But sometimes he has an objection, and does not hesitate to make it. We usually ask the objector to wait till the close, when, if his objections have not meanwhile been disposed of, he will have

an opportunity of stating them. For a couple of hours, by voice and picture, we proclaim Christ; and, undoubtedly, a more abiding impression is made. A very curious medley would probably be found in the minds of some; in others a distorted idea of the truth would be conceived; but there would be something for all to think about and talk over. But what is one short service for the people? We can do no more. We lack workers. If they were multiplied a hundredfold we might have continuity in our work.

By half-past ten we retire to our encampment, and without much delay to rest. Under the spreading branches of a mango tree, on a camp cot, amidst a great stillness save the sound of innumerable insects, we soon drop off into a peaceful slumber, though there is an encampment of gypsies a few yards off, and an army of monkeys not far away. Ants may crawl over us, snakes may crawl under us, tigers and panthers may be near; we feel no fear, and sleep far more soundly than we should have done in any of the houses in the village. Our only fear was lest we should be disturbed by some stray bullock coming to feed on the straw which we had placed on the cot, in order to have a softer couch.

Thus day after day passes in hard work and hard living; but there is the ever-present enjoyment of "the luxury of doing good." The free life has charms; but after a fort-

CAMPING SCENE, INDIA.

night of such work one is glad to gain the shelter of the modest mission bungalow.

Work of this kind must now be done chiefly by native evangelists. They take to it gladly; they can do it more easily than the European; and they do it well. There is, therefore, not so much need for the missionary to expose his life in this way. Exposure will come in other ways, which cannot be altogether avoided. In each district one European ought to be set apart for

evangelistic work of this kind: to go with the native helpers, encourage them, show them how the Gospel should be preached, and train them for their life's work. Toil of this nature is pre-eminently seed-sowing. Much falls by the wayside; much on the rocky soil; some among thorns; a little on good ground. So we sow in the morning and in the evening; for we know not "whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

MILITARY CAMEL CARRIAGE.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE SEA.

BY NORA CHESSON.

I am a mighty shepherd, and many are my flocks;
I lead them, I feed them among the weedy rocks;
My shepherd's crook is fashioned out of a Norway pine,
And there's no sheep-dog in the world will herd the flocks of mine.

My fold is wide, and day and night the walls shift of my fold,
No upland, no lowland my lambing ewes withhold
From the cry of their shepherd, the beckoning of his hand,
For my own desert places they leave the pasture-land.

With wild white fleeces surging about me to my knee,
I go about my herding, the Shepherd of the Sea;
I call to the rock pastures the white sheep of the waves,
For they but find their grazing where sailors find their graves.

I am a mighty shepherd, and mighty flocks have I;
I lead them, I feed them, while stars are in the sky;
And when the moon is waning on sheltered shore and lee,
I rest not nor slumber, the Shepherd of the Sea.

UNCROWNED MARTYRS.

High heaven is thronged with martyrs who have trod
Alone, through unseen paths of anguish, up to God!
The world knows them not; for silently they passed
Through the slow fires of torture; till at last
They won immortal palms, and took their place
Among the glorified, who see Him face to face!
Fame counts her martyrs: unto them 'twas given
In flaming chariots to ride grandly into heaven!
Praise God for them, the kingly, the renowned!
Yet higher praise for these,—who dared and died uncrowned!

—*Sarah Warner Brooks.*

JUSTICE TO THE JEW.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

"THE Jew," to quote the eloquent words of a Jewish writer, "Is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of this world — past or present. Of all the stories of the sons of men, there is none so wild, so wonderful, so full of extreme mutation, so replete with suffering and horror, so abounding in extraordinary providences, so overflowing with scenic romance. There is no man who approaches him in the extent and character of the influence which he has exercised over the human family. His history is the history of our civilization and progress in this world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him have we derived the form and pattern of all that is excellent on earth or in heaven."

Perhaps no portion of the human family has ever suffered such extreme and inveterate injustice throughout the long ages, and up to the present time as have the Jews. The Christian world may gladly welcome any attempt to remedy this great evil. The recent book of the Rev. Madison C. Peters is a splendid effort in this direction.*

One of the gravest charges ever brought against the Jew is, that he is not and cannot be a patriot. In a catechism for the Jewish youth of England, written by Ascher, a "strict" Jew, we find the following: "Has a Jew a fatherland besides Jerusalem?" "Yes; the country wherein he is bred and born, and in which he has liberty to practise his religion, and wherein he is allowed to carry on traffic and trade, and to enjoy all the advantages and protection of the law in common with the citizens of other creeds, this country the Israelite is bound to acknowledge as his fatherland, to the benefit of which he must do his best to contribute. The sovereign who rules over this land is, after God, his sovereign; its laws, so long as they are not contradictory to the Divine law, are also the Israelite's laws; and the duties of his fellow-citizens are also his duties."

It is a fact that in many countries where these happy conditions of citizenship have been to the Jew almost entirely wanting he has nevertheless proved his patriotism in marked degree. Always and everywhere where the Jew has found a friend in his country, the country has found a friend in him.

History does not record the story of braver defenders than that of the Polish territory maintained by Jews during the Thirty Years' War. In 1815 Hardenberg, the Prussian Chancellor, in a letter to Count von Grote, dated January 4th, gave the Jews the following testimony: "The history of our late war with France shows that the Jews have, by their faithful allegiance to the State conferring equal rights on them, proved worthy of it. The young men of the Jewish faith

* "Justice to the Jew."—The story of what he has done for the world. By Rev. Madison C. Peters. F. Tennyson Neely, New York. William Briggs, Toronto.

It is with feelings of poignant regret that we have to announce that this is the last contribution which we shall have the pleasure of printing in this magazine from the pen of our beloved and honoured friend, the late Rev. J. C. Seymour. He was one of the most frequent and faithful contributors to its pages. He always wrote with literary skill and with high moral purpose. We revere his memory and look for a lasting reunion "beyond the hills where suns go down."—ED.

were the military comrades of their Christian fellow-citizens, of whom we can present instances of true heroism and glorious bravery of the dangers of war. The rest of the Jewish inhabitants, especially the ladies, vied with the Christians in all kinds of patriotic sacrifices."

In the Hungarian Revolution there were no less than 35,000 Israelites. As by magic they were drawn toward Kossuth, who preached liberty and equality and at whose hands they expected redemption from civil and political degradation. Washington had no more ardent admirers and able and generous helpers in the American Revolutionary War than many of the Jews. In the British army the Jewish race has produced a Major-General, Albert Goldsmid, two Lieutenant-Generals, Sir Jacob Adolphus and Sir David Ximenes, and Sir Alexander Thomberg, who distinguished himself in the navy; besides many thousands of officers and subalterns in the army and navy and colonial forces of the Empire.

In philosophy and science the Jew has always held a high pre-eminence. Among the great philosophers of the world there are few grander names than that of Maimonides. Philo, Levi Ben Gerson, Solomon Maimon and the illustrious Moses Mendelssohn, of Germany, have left an indelible impress on the philosophy of the ages.

Neander, whose father was a Jewish peddler, wrote the History of the Christian Church. Perhaps the greatest Life of Christ ever written was by Alfred Edersheim. Graetz and Jost are the great historians of the Jewish people. Da Costa is the Dutch historian of his nation. Sir Francis Cohen Palgrave stands among the foremost of England's historians.

The most distinguished archæologist in England is Professor Solomon Schechter, formerly of Cambridge, now of the University of London; and one of the best authorities in America on Oriental history and archæology is Dr. Cyrus Adler, of the Columbian University and Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

On the subject of Higher Biblical Criticism our author says: "No people in the world take more pride in what they consider up-to-dateness than the higher critics, who consider Biblical criticism a peculiar concoction of their wonderful intellects. They are only sixteen hundred years behind the Jew, for in the middle of the third century Simon Ben Lachish declared that Job never lived, that he was the product of a noble poem. In the ninth century Saadia tried to explain away the miracles in true nineteenth century fashion. In the eleventh century Chofni declared the witch of Endor and Balaam's speaking ass as mere hallucinations. About this time Ben Jasus tried to prove that portions of the book of Moses could not be ascribed to Moses. About the middle of the twelfth century Abraham Ibn Esra published a critical commentary on Isaiah which is up-to-date with our highest critics."

Michel Breal is one of the leading authorities on comparative mythology and philology in France. While in comparative etymology Benfey holds the same position in Germany that Max Muller has done in England.

Modern languages have always found their masters among the Jews. In Turkey, Hungary, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Jewish linguists are among the very best. Ollendorf invented the method by which modern languages are perhaps most scientifically taught. Jules Oppert is the greatest Assyriologist after Rawlinson. The Jewish Rabbis furnished to Martin Luther the knowledge of the whole Old Testament in the original text,

so that it has been said: "Without Hebrew no Reformation, and without the Jews, no Hebrew, for they were the only teachers of this language."

Long before Copernicus the book Sohar in the thirteenth century taught the revolution of the earth about its axis as the cause of night and day. Among the greatest astronomers of modern times is Sir William Herschel, a Jew. Herman Goldschmidt was the discoverer between 1852 and 1861 of fourteen asteroids and pointed out more than ten thousand stars that were wanting in the maps of the academy at Berlin.

Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls in England in 1873, was recognized as one of the greatest practical lawyers of the age. Judah P. Benjamin was acknowledged by Sir Henry James and Sir Charles Russell at the time of his death to be the leader of the English bar.

As physicians the Jews were exceedingly prominent all through the Dark and Middle Ages. Indeed they were almost the only ones of any account. The church authorities were especially severe against them. That men who openly rejected the means of salvation, and whose souls were undeniably lost, should heal the elect seemed an insult to Providence. Preaching friars denounced them from the pulpit and the rulers in state and church openly proscribed them, while they took good care to consult them secretly in their extremity.

In poetry the Jew has always held high distinction. To say nothing of the unrivalled poetry of sacred literature, there have been Jewish poets, and great ones, in many countries in the world. It is sufficient to mention two of the highest order. Jehuda Halevi, of Spain, and Heinrich Heine, of Germany. Even in the uncongenial and prohibited field of the drama there have been found Jews of a high order of merit.

Among painters Solomon J. Solomon easily stands among the very first in England. Sir J. E. Millais, it is said, has Jewish blood in his veins. Anto Kolski is the greatest Russian sculptor, and Solomon Adam and Emile Soldi are two of the foremost in France.

The favourite art among the Jews has always been music, and it has been cultivated with a devotion only equalled by the splendid genius displayed both as composers and performers. It is only necessary to mention the names of Mendelssohn, Halevy, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Goldmark. The piano found its greatest master in Anton Rubenstein. Joseph Joachim played the violin in a manner perhaps never equalled before his time nor since.

The laws of all nations have interdicted the Jews from political life. Notwithstanding this, we find Jews, through the sheer force of their administrative abilities, filling exalted political positions in almost every country in Europe and all over the world. In this connection the name of Benjamin D'Israeli, one of Britain's splendid Premiers, will be recalled.

As preachers the modern Jewish pulpit can show many examples of the finest oratory; and what may be expected, and will be realized, when these learned souls become the eloquent Pauls of Christian evangelism?

The persecution of the Hebrews necessarily made them merchants. Denied citizenship, subject at any time to spoliation and expulsion, their only possible chance of living was in traffic, in which they soon became skilled. They naturally followed the channels of commerce the world over—Gentile persecution kept them on the go—and to protect their property against Gen-

tile thieves their wealth had to be portable. They therefore frequently turned it into jewels, because these could be most securely and most secretly kept, and in case of flight, most easily removed. This accounts for their prominence in the jewelry business from the earliest times.

By the sternest kind of compulsion the world made the Jew a trader, and has never ceased to curse him because he was one. Shakespeare's "Shylock" has been the popular ideal of the money-lending Jew. But have not Gentile Shylocks been quite as numerous and just as exacting of their "pound of flesh"?

Because some Jews are rich all Jews are considered so, and this has given rise to the current expression, "Rich as a Jew." Among the more than twelve hundred millionaires of New York City there are not more than a dozen Jewish names, and there are not more than twenty-five among the four thousand millionaires of the United States. There are four millions of Jews in Russia and there are only three persons who have risen high above the general level of hard-working poverty.

But the Jew can show that he is a born financier when he gets a chance, and even when he does not get it. The Rothschilds have been a signal instance of this, and many less notable instances have demonstrated the same fact. For four hundred years the Jew has been a chief factor in supplying the nations with money.

Nor is the Jew wanting in the noble elements of charity and benevolence in the distribution of his money. As a rule, the Jewish poor have never been a burden to the general population in any country, but have been supported by their own people. In New York City alone they have twelve leading charitable institutions to meet all sorts of cases of need and suffering, to which the Jews contribute upwards of $700,000 a year. In 1891 a deed of trust was executed by Baron de Hirsch, by which the sum of $2,400,000 was placed as capital in the hands of trustees, the interest of which was to be used for the education and training of emigrants from Russia and Eastern Europe. The Baroness de Hirsch has since added a gift of $150,000, with a promise to send another million dollars towards the work of ameliorating the condition of the congested Russian and Eastern European population in New York City. Sir Moses Montefiore was one of the greatest philanthropists of his day.

It must be added also that the divorce court seldom hears of the Jew. Drunkenness is not, as a rule, a Jewish vice. The only occupation that does not thrive among the Jews is that of the saloonkeeper.

Judge Briggs, of Philadelphia, in sentencing a Jew to prison for burglary, said: "You are the first Israelite I have seen convicted of crime." No Jew was convicted of murder in the United States during the first century of the nation's existence.

In a speech delivered at a Hebrew fair in Boston, General B. F. Butler said: "For forty years, save one, I have been conversant with the criminal courts of Massachusetts and many other States, and I have never yet had a Hebrew client as a criminal. But, you say, 'That was because the Hebrews did not choose you for their lawyer.' But this is not the true answer, for I never yet saw a veritable Israelite in the prisoner's box for crime in my life. And thinking of this matter as I was coming here I met a learned judge in one of the highest courts of the Commonwealth of more than forty years' experience at the bar and on the

bench, and I put the same question to him and he bore witness with me to the same effect."

When Mordecai M. Noah, on his accession to the office of sheriff of New York, was taunted with the remark, "Pity that Christians have to be hung by a Jew!" he promptly replied, "Pity that Christians require hanging at all."

Longevity is a marked characteristic of the Jews. Reliable statistics justify the conclusion of the learned French physician, Dr. M. Levy, that while the average term of life among the Gentiles is twenty-six years, among the Jews it is thirty-seven. Neuffille's investigations in Frankfurt showed the same results. The life insurance companies will tell you that the life of the average Jew is about forty per cent. more valuable than that of any other people, except the Quakers.

The ill-treatment of the Jew by all nations of the world up to a very recent period, includes every species of oppression and cruelty and wrong that have ever been inflicted on human beings; and this has been done by people calling themselves by the sacred name of Christian. Little wonder that the average Jew has long regarded Christians and Christianity as his bitterest enemy.

Lord Beaconsfield once said: "The world has by this time discovered that it is impossible to destroy the Jews. The attempt to extirpate them has been made under the most favourable auspices, and on the largest scale. The most considerable means that man could command have been pertinaciously applied to this object for the longest period of recorded time. Egyptian Pharaohs, Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, Scandinavian crusaders, Gothic princes and Holy Inquisitors have alike devoted their energies to the fulfilment of this common purpose. Expatriation, exile, captivity, confiscation, torture on the most ingenious, and massacre on the most extensive, scale. A curious system of degrading customs and debasing laws which would have broken the heart of another people, have all been tried, and tried in vain. The Jews after all this havoc are probably more numerous at this date than they were during the reign of Solomon, and are found in all lands and prospering in most. All of which prove that it is vain for man to attempt to baffle the inexorable law of nature which has decreed that a superior race shall never be destroyed or absorbed by an inferior.

Certainly the Jewish race is too virile to be destroyed by any power of man, and for the best of all reasons—God has willed that it shall not be. He has reserved that race for a destiny far more glorious than it ever yet had. That destiny is not "Zionism," or any other form of Jewish nationalism in Palestine, so dear to Jewish hearts. Those dreams savour too much of the earthly ambitions and hopes which the Jew of old cherished respecting his coming Messiah and to which he clung with such passionate and fatal tenacity.

When the Jew accepts of Christ as his Redeemer, Lord, and King he will rise to a grandeur of moral dominion far beyond the highest flight of his imaginings, and God can, if He will, restore him to his ancient land, make him again the centre of light and knowledge and power, as a nation, only in infinitely greater degree than ever before.

Paisley, Ont.

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE JEW IN PROPHECY AND HISTORY.*

BY THE REV. M. E. HARLAN, LL.D.

THE Jew is a standing miracle to every nation — a living, breathing, moving, marching miracle. In him prophecy and history meet to testify to the truthfulness of the scripture that says: "Though I make a full end of all nations, yet will I not make a full end of thee." Time is his stage and the footlights burn through endless ages. His curtain never falls to tell us that the drama of his nation is ended. On his stage are enacted tragedies where real hearts break and red blood flows and where comedies are serious for laughter. For through wars and persecutions and famines his has been a trail of blood through unceasing centuries on the map of history. Prophecy has been the garment robe of protection for this outlawed race for well-nigh four thousand years.

The Jew may pass into history, into Europe, into America, and into the isles of the seas, but he never passes away. He was old when Romulus drew the first rough outline of Rome on the map of the world. He has heard both the lullaby and the dirge of almost all nations but his own. Babylonians, Assyrians and other nations contemporaneous with him in ancient times have all been lost in the great onrushing tide of history. Not so the Jew. His is the same distinct, despised, dogged race. He is the past, present and the future and always uneliminated problem! Saxons and Normans and Danes and Britons by conquest and intermarriage have been transmuted into Englishmen. But the Jew never "transmutes!" We may despise him and legislate him out of citizenship, but not out of the world.

Unjust legislation against him can be traced as far back as the time of Justinian. The code of the Visigoths gives unmistakable evidences of bitter ecclesiastical persecution, and by that code the Jews were not allowed to testify in court, and were classed with common beasts. For a long time Germany held them as menial serfs to do the bidding of the Emperor. England held them in no higher esteem. From the thirteenth century till the time of Cromwell, Jews were prohibited from public worship or building synagogues, and not till his time was there to be found a synagogue in London. With France, it seemed to be the policy to torture those she did not banish. But neither sword nor scourge can drive them from the highway of history. They have a deathless personality whose very existence is paying the awful penalty for the rejection of the plan of God through Christ. To Pilate the Jew said: "His blood be upon us and our children for ever," and God took him at his word till every page of history echoes it back in mockery. Through it all he has fought an uneven fight with the hand of every nation against him.

In a limited way England recognized the civil rights of the Jew about 250 years ago, but did not open the doors of the House of Commons to him till 200 years later. It was about 150 years later before France gave him a half-

* From the Homiletic Review.

hearted recognition. New York was the first to grant him civil rights in the United States in the adoption of her constitution in 1777. And yet, with all slights given him he has been a patriot. Out of the 150,000 youths in the United States at the time of the Civil War there were nearly 8,000 Jewish soldiers in both armies. And during the late war with Spain there were over 4,000 Jewish soldiers. European armies have been made to feel the inspiration of his touch. Some of Napoleon's greatest marshals were Jews. The 8,000,000 Jews of Europe contribute 350,000 men to her soldiery. Nearly 1,000 Jews were in England's army in Africa. There is a larger proportion of Jews among the armies of Europe than of any other race. The Jew is indeed "the anvil that wears out all the hammers that smite him!" When you call the roll of the world's greatest statesmen and artists and musicians and men of letters and warriors you will hear a liberal response from the Jewish quarters.

It is generally recognized that "naught can exist in nature unless it perform some function." Then there must be some function yet to be performed by the Jew, else why should he still exist centuries after nations contemporaneous with him and much stronger have grown old and died. His mission seems to be a spiritual rather than a temporal one. They are the most truly cosmopolitan race. The sails of his commerce whiten every sea. King Solomon was a merchantman of Tyre. Abraham was a live stock dealer in Mesopotamia. As a retired herdsman Jacob held honourable residence in Egypt. Babylon in the east and Rome and Corinth and Ephesus and Athens in the west and Alexandria in Egypt heard and grew tired of the voices of Jewish merchantmen, as they carried on a prosperous trade in their streets where others were failures. But wherever he was the fires on his altar never went out. And though the nations about him had ten thousand gods he worshipped one God and sung of the coming of Christ.

Wherever went the Jew there went the tent and the temple, and among all polytheistic nations these became witnesses of the one true God. What was all this but God in history bringing the civilized world in touch with the monotheistic teaching of the Jews? All ancient caravans from Egypt to Babylon and the great east would naturally pass Palestine, from which they would carry wonderful stories of the worship into the civilized world. This was God's way of preparing the Gentile world to receive His message by sending them by these altars with quenchless fires that told of Christ's coming. Like the sea shell that placed to the ear sings of its deep sea home, so the Jew, though carried captive into distant lands, would touch deft fingers to his harp and sing of the House of God. Rome sang of government and power and her eagles led her legions from the Pillars of Hercules on the west, to the Caucasus on the east. Greece sang of poetry and art and philosophy and her language turned into epics, her marble leaped into life and her alphabet formed itself into syllogisms. The Jew sang of God and religion and worshipped the one true God, and from his altars sent his incense as a prayer to Him in the presence of the world's ceaseless caravan that passed his sacrificial fires. The greatness of all other nations fades at the touch of time, but that people whose chief characteristic is suggested by the one word—God—still builds her altars and sings her unending song. What but His power has kept that nation?

But a mighty change is coming over Israel, the like of which has not been known since the "dispersion." They were the first converts to Christianity. Dr. Herzog, of Germany, says that at least 25,000 of them accepted Christ within a short time after Pentecost. Some put the estimate higher. But since the Gentiles began to accept Christ in the early part of the first century Israel has turned back to her forlorn hope through the rest of the eighteen hundred years and has been a "stiff-necked" people. The very times are portentous with the mighty unrest with which God is shaking Israel. A conservative estimate places the number of Jews in the world at 12,000,000. They are said to be increasing 35 per cent. faster than any other people. Fifty years ago there were not more than 4,000,000 in all the world. To-day there are 12,000,000, and of these about 1,200,000 are in the United States, 600,000 of them in New York City. Every fourth man on Manhattan Island is a Jew. Seeing the importance of these vast multitudes, is it any wonder that those Christians directly interested in the conversion of the Jews issued a call to Christendom for special prayers for their conversion during the first ten days of May, 1902?

Midway between Judaism and Christianity is a storm-swept sea. Many of the Jews, tiring of the idle forms and ceremonies of the religion of their fathers, and through long training in the school of religious prejudice not being able to see clearly the beauty of Christ's religion, are now on this stormy sea. Many are drifting. Others (about a million) have gone into the Zionist movement, which is largely a political affair, based on the gospel of salvation by money. This movement was begun by Dr. Herzel in 1896, and within two years it held 250,000 adherents. These conditions make it the more urgent that we push the evangelization of Israel. Since the banishment of the Popish inquisition the Jew is learning that Christianity is not founded on hate, but love, and has gradually been fighting his way back toward Christ and His church. Mendelssohn and others began to translate Israelitish history and poetry and law into German song, and the Jew began to rise with these translations into greater respect among nations. The fires of the Reformation were kindled on the altars of history and Christianity was seen in the light of its own holy flame and the Jew began to see the difference between the tyranny of Rome and the Christianity of Christ. Under the enlightened conscience of the Jew he became more liberal and a new society was sent of God called "The Reformed Jews," and under its influence thousands of Jews began to lose faith in the authority of the rabbis. These were all necessary steps leading up to better things.

Up to this time "blindness had happened to Israel till the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." As late as 1809 there were but 35 known Jewish converts in all England. In 1860 the renowned Dr. Tholuck, of Germany, said: "More Jews have been converted in the past thirty years than in the seventeen hundred years preceding." And yet God had said: "To the Jews first." Up to 1808 Israel had been a neglected field, when there was organized a "Society for the Conversion of the Jews" in London. The history reads like fiction or a fairy tale. Within fifty years this society was spending $160,000 annually and had 12,000 converts in Great Britain alone. The rabbis were powerless to stay this work of God, and in 1855 there were 2,000 converts in Berlin. Missions were established in Spain, Turkey, Egypt, Asia

Minor and Africa. In Tunis and Algiers could be heard Christ's praises sung in the Jewish tongue. By 1862 this society had enrolled 50,000 converts, among whom were 400 preachers of the Gospel. In less than nine decades of this modern effort to win the Jews there were won more than 250,000 converts to Christianity.

There are now from four to five million more Jews in the world than during the palmiest days of their kingdom. Dr. A. T. Pierson gives these seven paradoxes and says: "God hath not dealt so with any people." (1) Scattered among all nations, but absorbed by none. (2) Centuries have despoiled them, but they are not destroyed. (3) They have been systematically robbed and yet they command riches. (4) They have been persistent patriots and yet they have been kept out of their own land. (5) They have been a hiss and a byword and yet do not conceal their Jewish stock. (6) Hated of all people and yet a ruling power. (7) With no local centre and yet they preserve their national unity.

Who will deny that this work among the Jews is but the beginning of a glorious end? For when those who "pierced Him" shall turn to their Lord they will add trumpet tongue to the Gospel message. The prophet saw in their conversion the resurrection of the ungodly nations among whom they have been scattered. "And so all Israel shall be saved." Then from all nations men "shall take hold of him that is a Jew, saying, we will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you." Hear Paul: "For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead." "And they shall look upon me whom they have pierced and shall mourn for him. . . . They shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say it is my people, and they shall say the Lord is my God." God has said it and it must be. The signs are at least as portentous for the general conversion of Israel within the next twenty-five years as they were for the exodus of Israel from Egypt under Moses ten years before that great event. When the "fulness of the Gentiles is come in" and the travail of ages has come, then shall come the end of religions "in the birth of religion." Then there shall be "neither Jew nor Greek," but both shall be swallowed up in a mighty fellowship in Christ, for "Christ is all and in all."

THE JEW.

BY MARY FRAME SELBY.

'Mid the raging storms of cruel doubt
There is one fact always true.
Which all the ages cannot wipe out,
And that great fact is the "Jew."

Scattered like leaves by the autumn blast,
To the islands of the sea,
Yet to be gathered in at last
To the Lord's great jubilee.

Then the light of God shall fill the earth,
With a glory never known,
And those who sang at the Saviour's birth
Shall rejoice around His throne.

"Blessing and honour" will be the theme,
And glory to our King,
Who hath power all men to redeem;
Hear every creature sing.

In heaven, on earth, and in the sea
The disciple heard them say,
"Worthy the Lamb," and through eternity,
Praise God for an endless day.

THE EARTH'S BEGINNING.*

THE nebular theory has been on its trial. It is asserted that the nebulæ, instead of being incandescent gas, are probably ice-cold meteoric dust. The wonderful analysis by spectra, however, demonstrates that while many of the nebulæ may under powerful telescopes become recognized as clusters of stars, yet others are just as certainly composed of attenuated and luminous gas. The latest and most interesting discussion of the whole question that we know is that by Sir Robert Ball in his book on "The Earth's Beginning." This is indeed a question of sublime magnificence and, as he well remarks, "represents the most daring height to which the human intellect has ever ventured to soar in its efforts to understand the operations of nature." While giving the latest results of science, the book is not technical nor hard to follow. Indeed it was presented as a course of Christmas lectures last year to audiences of young people at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. In this book Sir Robert Ball maintains his high reputation as a writer of astronomy at once popular and scientific. It is admirably illustrated with over sixty engravings and with four coloured plates, one of them showing the gorgeous sunset produced by the Krakatoa volcanic eruptions of 1883. The volcanic dust in the upper air produced throughout the whole world the most striking atmospheric phenomena.

We have pleasure in presenting herewith a summary of Sir Robert Ball's latest conclusions on the nebular theory in a paper which he recently contributed to the New York Independent. For the complete and popular exposition of the far-reaching nebular theory the volume under review is indispensable.

It is now about a century, says Sir Robert Ball, since a magnificent doctrine as to the origin of the sun and the moon, the earth, the planets, and the other bodies that form the solar system, was first announced. It originated from several independent quarters, as has been so often the case in epoch-making advances of our knowledge. When it appears that a profound thinker like Kant, a consummate mathematician like Laplace, and an unrivalled observer of the heavens like Sir William Herschel, each pursuing his own line of investigation, have been led to conclusions which are in substantial accordance as to the great facts of celestial evolution, it is impossible to doubt that by following their guidance we must be led toward the veritable scheme of Nature.

Our confidence will naturally be increased when we observe that each of these intellectual giants, while pursuing his own line of investigation in his own way, was led to his results quite independently of any knowledge as to what had been done by the other labourers in their very different lines of work. There are no doubt certain differences in the three different doctrines as to the origin of a solar

* "The Earth's Beginning." By Sir Robert Stawell Ball, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Astronomy, Cambridge University, England, and Director of the Cambridge Observatory. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii–384. Price, $1.80 net.

system, but there is a most striking general agreement in the conclusions they arrived at, which is perhaps emphasized rather than weakened by the differences in the details of their respective theories.

The broad truth, which was the result of these investigations, may be briefly stated. We learn that the sun and the moon, the earth and the planets have not always been as they are at present. We learn that there was a time when these objects which now form separate nearly spherical masses were in a totally different structural condition. There was a time when the materials now forming the solar system were diffused in a mighty nebula or fire-mist. We know that during the progress of incalculable ages this fire-mist underwent a series of remarkable transformations so as ultimately to form the several bodies of our system. The greater part of the primeval nebula, in virtue of the mutual attraction of its different parts, collected to form the sun. Indeed, the present heat which our luminary so graciously dispenses is thus readily accounted for as having been derived from the contraction of the nebula, a contraction which, it is to be noted, is still in progress. Another portion of the nebula drew itself together in the progress of the evolution, and thus gave rise to the planet Jupiter. Still other portions were destined to form the Earth, Venus and the other planets, while the moon, the rings of Saturn and remaining bodies of our system are also to be ascribed to the same source, nor is it merely a fanciful suggestion that surviving fragments of the original nebula are still to be seen in the comets.

Such in barest outline is the famous nebular theory. Laplace was led to adopt it by the consideration that there were certain features in the solar system which would be almost infinitely unlikely unless that system had some such origin as the nebular theory suggests. Herschel was led to adopt celestial evolution because he thought he saw in different nebulæ throughout the universe stages of evolution at present in progress which illustrated the different phases of the great evolution through which a nebula must pass in its transformation to a star. Kant was led to it by reflection on the properties of matter and the laws of motion, which seemed to require of necessity that the constituents of our system must once have been in a state of extreme diffusion. Since the labours of these three great men have been closed innumerable scientific discoveries have been made. Immense revolutions in our knowledge have taken place, whole fields of exploration have been opened up of which the philosophers a hundred years ago knew nothing. Our knowledge of the universe around us, our knowledge of the chemical constitution of the earth, our knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies and of their different varieties and features, has been enormously extended. It is not too much to say that every one of these advances, which have tended to make the knowledge we possess now incomparably greater than the knowledge of Kant and Laplace and Herschel, has tended to confirm in the most remarkable manner the truth of the nebular theory to which their genius conducted them. I propose to illustrate this statement by taking three different lines of reasoning which have been furnished by modern investigation. They will exemplify the wonderful variety of argument that is available in our subject.

The heat which the sun pours forth must, in accordance with the laws of heat, be accompanied by a continuous contraction in the sun's dimensions. Thus it inevitably fol-

lows that the sun's diameter must be shrinking. The exact extent to which this shrinkage takes place is necessarily open to some uncertainty; it appears, however, from the best data available that the sun's diameter must be lessening somewhere about sixteen inches daily. Even if this be not a very correct approximation, the argument is hardly touched. The essential point for our present purpose is one as to which there can be no doubt whatever—namely, that the sun's diameter must submit to a daily diminution. This is certainly the case, and assuming that the rate is that we have already mentioned, it appears that the sun's diameter must be decreasing at about one mile every ten years.

No doubt this is a very small relative rate of change when we bear in mind the actual value of the sun's diameter. Its diminution in size would be inappreciable to observation in an ordinary lifetime. Even in forty thousand years the shrinkage of the sun would hardly diminish its diameter by the two hundredth part of the present amount. Mere thousands of years, however, are of but little account in the majestic progress of the evolution of the solar system. The investigations of geology have shown us that this earth has existed for periods that necessitate actual millions of years for the expression, so that though the shrinkage of the sun may be insignificant and indeed imperceptible in such periods as those which measure human history, it is quite appreciable—it may be regarded as even considerable—within the limits of geological time.

The laws of heat on which our investigations are based disdain all time limits. Looking back into the very remote past, we see there must have been a time when the sun had, let us say, double the diameter that it possesses at present. The argument which applies to prove the sun is contracting now applied with equal or even greater force in those primeval days to show that the sun was contracting then. At periods earlier still the sun must have been greater still, and consequently there was a time when the volume of the sun must have been tenfold, twentyfold, aye, a hundredfold that which the orb of day has at present. It is, of course, not to be supposed that there was any more material in the sun in those very early times. Even though the sun was then so greatly inflated, the actual quantity of ponderable matter which it contained then was not larger than it contains at present. It therefore followed that the sun, or, we had better say, the materials which now form the sun, must then have been in a much more diffused state than we now find them.

We are thus led to think of a time when the volume of the sun was so large that, vast though the total weight of the material which entered into its composition undoubtedly must have been, the density of that material was not different from the density of what astronomers designate as a nebula. Under such conditions the solar material was diffused through an extent of space which would include the present orbit of the earth. At that early period the materials now forming the earth must also have been in a totally different condition from that which they have at the present day. The fact that volcanic outbreaks do still occasionally disturb the tranquillity of the earth testifies to the existence even at the present hour of vast stores of heat in the earth's interior. The internal heat must be gradually leaking away from the globe, and this process of leakage has been in incessant progress. It follows that in early days the heat in the interior of the earth must have been greater

than it is at present, nor does science suggest any limit to the application of this argument. There was a time, doubtless anterior to all human history, when the interior heat of the earth must have made itself appreciable at the earth's surface. There was a time when the surface of the earth must have been actually warm in consequence of that internal heat. There was a time when the earth's surface must have been hot, must have been red hot, white hot, nay, must have been molten, for even the most refractory rocks must fuse when sufficient heat is applied to them. Earlier, still, we see that the materials of the earth must have been hotter still. There was a time when the heat was such that those materials could not remain even in the liquid state; they can only have existed in gaseous or vaporous form. There was a time, therefore, when the physical character of the materials now forming the solid earth could only be described by saying that they formed a nebula.

What we have said with regard to the earth applies generally to the rest of the planets also. The argument derived from the laws of heat assures us that sun, earth and planets, all the bodies of the solar system, in fact, were once in a state of nebula or fire-mist. Remembering the enormous extension of each of these volumes of nebula, we see that the province then included by the solar nebula would extend to and overlap, or rather include, the province then occupied by the nebula destined to form the earth. In like manner, the nebula that now forms Jupiter would be confluent with the great solar nebula. In other words, we are conducted to the belief that all the bodies of the solar system must once have been parts of a great primeval nebula. Such is the nebular theory to which we are conducted by the first line of argument.

There are circumstances in the solar system which would be wholly inexplicable unless we believe that the system has had some such origin as that which we are here considering. Laplace noted that all the planets revolve round the sun in the same direction, that the earth and the rest of the planets all rotate upon their axes in the same direction, that the moon also rotates in the same direction, which is identical with that in which the sun rotates on its own axis. Laplace, in fact, counted up no fewer than thirty of such rotatory movements in the solar system, all of which take place in the same direction. It seems almost impossible that such a disposition of the planetary movements could have arisen unless there were some physical reason explaining it. It would seem quite possible for some of the movements to be in one way and some in another. Our system could work just as well if certain of the planetary motions were reversed, and hence the fact that they are all in the same direction is justly a matter for surprise and demands explanation.

We may realize the significance of the point by the following illustration. Suppose that thirty coins were taken in the hand and tossed together into the air, they will generally fall with both many heads and many tails uppermost. It is, however, conceivable that all the coins should fall head upward. We say it is conceivable, but no one would ever expect this to happen, because it is extremely improbable. In fact, it is very easy to show that there must be more than a thousand million chances to one against such an occurrence. When, therefore, we find that there are thirty movements in the solar

system which are all performed in the same direction, we say at once that there are a thousand million chances to one against such a coincidence, unless there be some physical reason for it.

If, however, the solar system had indeed originated from a contracting nebula, then the laws of dynamics would tend in the course of time to make all the parts of that nebula move in the same way. The system ultimately arising would therefore have acquired the particular kind of movement which would cause all the planets to revolve in the same direction round the sun, and also rotate in the same direction round their axes. The nebular theory thus offers an explanation of what would be wildly improbable unless some physical explanation could be offered, and as no other physical explanation has been suggested, the nebular theory has the very strongest claim on our acceptance.

Such was the argument as it stood in the days of Laplace, and it is interesting to note how that argument stands now after a century of further investigation and research. If the argument appeared cogent to Laplace because he knew that there were thirty accordant movements, how much more convincing must it seem to those who know that the number of such agreements is at least five hundred? The number of drops of water in the ocean, augmented by the number of grains of sand on the seashore, and then multiplied by ten million millions would still not nearly form a number large enough when compared with unity to express the improbability that the five hundred movements of the solar system should all be in the same direction unless there were some such physical origin for the system as the nebular theory offers.

The third line of argument by which modern research has enormously strengthened the nebular theory as it came from the hands of its discoverers is derived from the observation of the nebulæ which have been discovered to exist at this moment in the heavens. We can, as it were, read the history of our own system in space in default of our being able to read it in time. We can witness at the present moment innumerable nebulæ passing through various phases of their transformation which illustrate most strikingly the phases through which our own system has passed. We have seen how the nebular theory leads us to think of a time when the solar system was in a nebulous condition, a large part of the nebula was condensed toward the centre to form the future sun, there were outlying portions more or less condensed to form the gradually evolving planets. All these parts were revolving in the same direction, the inner portions moving more rapidly than those on the exterior. Further, the whole system was flattened down toward a plane.

It is not too much to say that in the spiral nebulæ we have scores—according to the late Professor Keeler we should probably be correct in saying thousands—of instances in which at this actual moment phases of evolution are in progress in other nebulæ exactly analogous to those through which the nebular theory declares our own system has passed. Of these spiral nebulæ, now so familiar to astronomers, Laplace and Kant and Herschel knew nothing. It is surely a wonderful confirmation of the theory which their genius suggested to find that at this present moment there are in the heavens around us innumerable examples of the evolution of systems to all appearances precisely resembling that evolution which has been sug-

gested by the nebular theory to account for the origin of our own system.

Finally, we may add that one of the most striking arguments which modern science has brought forward in favour of the nebular theory, and which was quite unknown to those who announced that theory, is derived from the chemical nature of the heavenly bodies. It is a great triumph of modern science to have shown that the constituents of the sun are essentially the same as the constituents of the earth. This is, of course, precisely what we should have expected if the earth and sun had a common origin in a great primeval nebula.

THE MESSENGER.

Rabbi Ben Josef, old and blind,
Pressed by the crowd before, behind,
Passed through the market-place one day,
Seeking with weary feet his way.
The city's traffic loud confused
His senses, to retirement used;
The voice of them that bought and sold,
With clink of silver piece and gold.

"Jehovah," cried he, jostled sore,
Fearing to fall and rise no more,
"Thine angel send to guide my feet,
And part the ways where dangers meet."
Just then a beggar, as he passed,
A glance of pity on him cast,
And, seeing so his bitter need,
Stretched forth his hand his steps to lead.

"Not so," Ben Josef cried; "I wait
A guide sent from Jehovah's gate."
The beggar left, thus rudely spurned
Where gratitude he should have earned.

As day wore on the hubbub rose,
Louder and harsher to its close.
The old man, weary, sought in vain
An exit from the crowd to gain.

Jostled at every turn, his feet
Stumbled upon the ill-paved street;
Once more he cried, "Jehovah, where
The answer to Thy servant's prayer?
No angel, swift-winged from Thy throne,
Has hither for the helping flown."
Then came a whisper, clear and low,
"My Messenger thou didst not know.

"For in a beggar's humble guise
His outstretched hand thou didst despise;
Nor cared beneath his rags to find
The heart that made his action kind.
See now that thou the lesson learn,
Thy prayer's answer to discern,
Lest He whose face thou canst not see
Should prove a messenger from Me."

—*American Israelite.*

ONCE AND FOR EVER.

Our own are our own for ever, God taketh not back His gift;
They may pass beyond our vision, but our souls shall find them out,
When the waiting is all accomplished, and the deathly shadows lift,
And glory is given for grieving, and the surety of God for doubt.

We may find the waiting bitter, and count the silence long;
God knoweth we are dust, and He pitieth our pain;
And when faith hath grown to fulness, and the silence changed to song,
We shall eat the fruit of patience and shall hunger not again.

So, sorrowing hearts, who humbly in darkness and all alone
Sit missing the dear lost presence and the joy of a vanished day,
Be comforted with this message, that our own are for ever our own,
And God, who gave the gracious gift, He takes it never away.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

AT PARTING.

As seamen, chafing long by foreign strands,
Lift anchor gladly when their alien stay
Is done, manning their boats to meet the spray
With lightened hearts and happy talks of lands
Beloved, while harbour folk lend helpful hands,
Smiling to see the gladness of the day,
And, parting, speed the pilgrims on their way,
Waving farewell along the seashore sands.

So, pray you, let me go when exile times
In this fair land are done. Bespeak me well
And cheerfully. For down the lapse of foam
I hear familiar calls, the distant chimes
Of native speech and song, and through the swell
And storm, dear friends, the Great Love calls me home.

IN DALECARLIA.

I.

IT was a yellow apron that beguiled us into Dalecarlia, an apron of deep, rich orange-yellow, hanging in soft folds from the waist of a peasant woman who strode sturdily through the streets of Stockholm. She was no artificial peasant, like the Bernese of the summer cafe, or the studio Italian girl; she was the genuine article. Her iron-shod shoes clattered over the rough pavement with masculine vigour, and her free, swinging gait was proof of the ease with which she bore a burden that would have filled a wheelbarrow. Her costume was almost gaudy in its combination of bright colours. But the yellow apron was the colour focus of the costume, flashing strongly in the lights, gleaming like liquid gold in the warmly reflected shadows. We followed her until she disappeared in a doorway, and saw her in the court-yard throw down her bundle, take off her kerchief, and prepare to begin her day's work like a man.

"Are there many Swedish peasants who dress like that?" I asked.

"The woods are full of them up [illegible]a," was the reply.

Therefore we went to Dalecarlia, full of expectation of a fertile sketching tour, our anticipation slightly tempered, I may now confess, with a lingering suspicion that the figure we had seen, the yellow apron we had enjoyed, was the remarkable exception and not the rule. But then the very name of the country was suggestive of beauty in some form. Dalecarlia has a romantic, an antique, a poetical sound.

The district of Dalecarlia lies in the heart of Sweden, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Stockholm. It is a prosperous, fertile, healthy part of the country, very rich in minerals, and famous for its manufactures, particularly of iron and steel. It boasts some of the finest scenery in the kingdom, the charms of Siljan Lake having long been celebrated in song and saga. Yet the Dalecarlians retain many of their primitive characteristics, and a large proportion of them still cling to their original costumes. The germs of civil and religious liberty have developed into maturity among the independent, self-reliant Dalecarlians, and since the beginning of Scandinavian history this people has contributed some of the best brain and blood to the state.

Passing through the railway station, we opened the door into a new world. Crowded around the ticket office was a score of people of both sexes, wearing the distinctive dresses of a half-dozen Dalecarlian parishes. Old men in buckskin small-clothes and leather aprons jostled pretty peasant girls in quaint pointed caps and many-hued handkerchiefs; mothers with leather sacks full of babies on their backs, and workmen with bundles of tools, all clamoured eagerly for tickets.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

It was near midsummer, the vegetation was in its perfection, and the sun shone for nearly twenty hours each day. The people were preparing for the festivities of Midsummer Day, celebrated on the 24th of June.

Shut your ears to the sound of men's voices, and you cannot believe you are in Sweden. That little gray log house in the distance, with its shingled roof, the cattle-sheds and barns, the well sweep and curb, the stone walls and post-and-rail fences, might be transported bodily and set down in the Canadian backwoods. Let the door open, and the geography changes by magic. A little child totters out into the sunlight. It is dressed in a single long garment of yellow homespun wool as bright as the petals of the buttercups or the dandelions. From under a close-fitting cap of vermilion hue straggles out a mass of flaxen hair. The father comes to the door of the barn to say a word as it passes. But for his leather apron shining with wear you would take him for a Canadian farmer of the olden times.

The first stage of the river journey is usually made on a steamer which is little more than a large boiler with just enough boat under it to float it and the few passengers who can find room around it. In tow of the steamer was a great flat-boat, piled up with freight to be carried up stream. When the gang-plank was put out the left flank of the army of travellers swarmed into the little steamer and filled every inch of room there. The centre and right wing hesitated a moment, and then rushed aboard

the flat-boat, and covered the pyramid of freight with a wriggling mass of humanity, which gradually settled itself on the boxes, the bales, and along the rail.

There is nothing more disappointing than to be in the midst of a hilarious company and to understand only half the fun. If it had not been for the exhaustless patience of the peasants, who insisted upon explaining everything, and in this way materially increasing my vocabulary, the farce would have been a very one-sided affair. Jerked along by the puffing steamer, the inert mass in tow swung from side to side, and now and then struck a raft of floating logs, broadside on, shaking the passengers together in a very democratic way.

It was past noon of the second day after leaving Stockholm when we reached the first parish of Dalecarlia, whose inhabitants wear a distinctive dress. In the solemn old church on Sunday will be seen not a single modern garment among the two thousand souls who come there to worship.

The most gorgeously dyed caps, aprons, bodices, and gowns combined to make a kaleidoscopic mass of colour which rivalled any Oriental combination imaginable. Little children ran around, spots and flashes of yellow in the strong sunlight. Men in sober black made the coloured costume of the women all the more brilliant by contrast. Everywhere their superb orange-yellow aprons came out like masterly touches in some noble scheme of colour competition.

Like all Swedish villages, the houses are of hewn logs, often painted bright red, sometimes with white trimmings, and sometimes with black, either way making a harsh spot in the landscape.

Boughs had been nailed to the windows and porches, and mats, neatly plaited, of birch twigs, stood before every entrance. Inside the houses there was much scrubbing and sweeping, for the following day was the midsummer festival.

We inquired of the landlord if there was any twilight festival that night. He had heard there was to be. The boys and girls usually trimmed the May-pole, and he believed they danced around it at midnight. For his part, he never sat up all night; he always turned in at eleven o'clock summer and winter.

The possibility of a pastoral festival at the romantic hour when the golden hues of dawn meet and mingle with the sunset red was too tempting for us to resist, and instead of experimenting with sleep we strolled villageward from the inn at about eleven o'clock. The sun had disappeared behind the trees an hour or more before, but there seemed to be no diminution of his light. The glare was gone, but not the illuminating power. A strong diffused light, casting no shadow, came from the whole dome of the heavens, giving an unnatural colour to the grass and to the masses of foliage. The strangeness of the effect seemed almost portentous, as if some great convulsion of nature were about to take place. It was like that glow of late sunset which in other climates is always rare and always evanescent.

There were no signs of night in the village. Doors and windows were open, and children were playing around the prostrate May-pole. Perched on the fences sat rows of men and boys quietly chatting. We sat on the fence also half an hour or more, then changed to a fence of another shape and sat another half-hour, and still nothing particular took place. Then we began to think it was only a kind of open-air watch party to welcome the midsummer sun on St. John's Day. Now there was a stir in the street, and a party of stout girls appeared

ARRIVAL OF THE CHURCH BOATS.

upon the scene, bearing great bundles of birch boughs, grass, and field flowers. Throwing these in a fragrant heap upon the steps of a house, they all set to work in a busy crowd, and in a short time had woven wreaths and garlands, and were decorating the striped pole. No loud words were spoken, scarcely a laugh broke the stillness of the night. It was a solemn, almost religious ceremony. From the red of the sunset sky a delicate rosy recollection touched the white sleeves and kerchiefs, and harmonized the colours of the caps and aprons. Even the crudely painted architecture was modified into unobtrusive quality of tone by the soft light. One by one the busy workers ceased their labours as the ugly pole grew into graceful shape, and spread long arms with trailing wreaths and tufts of flowers. The men watched on in silence, the tired children stopped their whispers and sat in ranks on the curb-stone. A new light from some mysterious quarter gradually spread itself over the landscape, and even while scarcely visible changed the general tone. It was the charm of sunset changing to the beauty of sunrise. The glory of the east rivalled awhile the splendour of the west, until the first rays of the sun shot across the sky, and it was day again. At that moment the pole was put in its place by the strong arms of a score of men, and fastened to the post, where it stands the season long, shedding its dried leaves and grasses with every wind that blows. As if by magic the crowd disappeared and we were left alone.

We were not so accustomed to the midnight sun that we could sleep in its full light as the natives

do, and therefore, having no means of darkening the rooms at the inn, we found little difficulty in rising early enough on Midsummer Day to see the arrival of the country people. From the villages across the arm of the lake and down the river the peasants come to church in large boats constructed especially for this service. We reached the foot of a little valley by the lakeside just as one of the church boats came in sight around the point. Others were drawn up on the shore, and the peasants were already mounting the steep path in silent procession. Across the shining surface of the lake came the regular sound of the oar splash and the swish of the bows through the water as the immense boat with its happy freight rushed onward to the land. As it drew nearer we could see a bare-headed old man sitting erect in the stern, steering with a square-bladed paddle held through a ring in the plankshear. In front of him several other aged peasants sat on the thwarts, and between them and the rowers a score or more of children sat huddled together in the back of the boat, their little heads bobbing up over the gunwale, eager to get to land. Next to them sat the rowers, forty in number, pulling ten pairs of oars. On the outside, next the rowlocks, were the strong young girls, each sturdily tugging at the oars held by the men, and the spaces between them were occupied by women perched on the gunwale. From the bow oars to the high-pointed stem old men and women occupied the thwarts. Thus, from stem to stern the slender, graceful craft was one living mass of human beings. The backs of the rowers fell and rose in perfect unison; the quick, short strokes made the boat quiver and spring as if it would break in two.

Within a rod or so of the shore the oars were lifted out of the water, seemingly by instinct, for we heard no word of command. Crunching and grinding, the slender stem ran upon the shingle, the old people hobbled ashore, the rowers sprang out, and the children scrambled over one another down upon the rocks. A score of strong hands seized the boat by either gunwale, and walked it bodily up on the shore far above the water's edge, where it was propped up on an even keel, showering crystal drops from its tarry sides. Every movement had been the perfection of discipline—no noise, no confusion, and no one out of place.

Each woman, as she landed, held in her hand a small bundle wrapped up in pure white linen. Some sat on the boulders along the shore, some sought a boudoir under the shade of the fir-trees, others stood beside the boat. All occupied themselves with their Sunday toilet. The girls, flushed and heated with rowing, tied fresh kerchiefs around their necks, and assisted one another to arrange the trim caps and adjust the brooches. Mothers unfolded their bundles, and found, besides the precious prayer-book—the heirloom of generations—the whitest of homespun linen to fold across the shoulders of the children, and the daintiest of caps to exchange for those they wore themselves. One after another the nursing babies were put in Sunday trim, and laid upon grass among the daisies. Then the larger children were caught, and every fold of their dress laid in order. The men, too, thought it not beneath the dignity of their sex to freshen up a bit before they marched away churchward.

A whole fleet of boats now covered the narrow beach. They are from sixty to seventy feet in length, with a beam of less than one-tenth this extent, and a depth of about four feet. They

built of long, elastic planks, bolted to small elastic ribs. The shell is quite flexible and at the same time very strong. Almost barbaric in form, with high stem and stern and graceful lines, they combine astonishing qualities of speed and carrying power.

The irregular procession of church-goers filed along the sandy road to the village. Even the gorgeous reds of the young girls' caps and the flashing yellows of the children's dresses could not interrupt the religious harmony induced by the time, the place, the tolling of the distant church bell, and the solemn bearing of the men and women.

The men in black carried a bright yellow baby on one arm, or dragged a red carriage holding two more children dressed in brilliant saffron woollen.

Down the avenue in the dense shade the peasants stood in rows and groups, counting three or four thousand souls, the men on one side, the women on the other. Among the men there was no variation of dress. A line of hats all alike; a line of short-waisted black coats; below, a line of white stockings and thick-soled shoes—a repetition of the same forms as if painted on the background with a stencil. All children up to the age of nine years wear the birch-dyed yellow dresses, the girls with red caps and the boys with black. After this age the boys are clothed like miniature men, and the girls from this period up to their wedding day wear red caps covering all the hair, red bodices confining loose linen chemises closely to the waist, striped aprons, and black petticoats. When married, they exchange the red woollen cap for one of white linen, and the striped apron for the plain yellow one. The widow wears over her cap a nun-like linen head-dress, and hides her bodice with a black jacket, and often covers her bright yellow apron by one of a more sombre hue.

CHURCH DOOR, LEKSAND.

The evening before we had watched some female grave-diggers trimming the newly-built mounds, and preparing the ground for the reception of a body. It is the custom of the peasants to keep their dead to be buried on Sundays or holidays, and the women evidently enjoy a good funeral, and look forward to a half-hour of sympathetic weeping as one of the sensational entertainments of the fete-day. A dense mass of people, mostly married women, was so closely packed around the open grave that the sturdy bearers of the bier could with difficulty find room to deposit the coffin. A mournful service followed, and weeping relatives and friends wailed long hymns in a minor key, very impressive, but dismal.

The church is a large nondescript edifice, said to have been

planned and built by Russian prisoners captured by Charles XII. The lines of the roof are long and steep, and on either side immense ladders of heavy timber reach from the ground to the ridge-pole—a precaution against fire. The interior is uninteresting except from the arrangement of its spacious galleries, which half fill the nave and transepts, and break the lines of columns and arches. The rough stone floor is completely hidden by high-backed wooden pews, except where narrow aisles lead down to the chancel.

The left side of the church is reserved for women, and the right is entirely occupied by men. On Midsummer Day not a seat was vacant. One snowy phalanx of white caps succeeded another far under the low galleries, where the reflection from sun-lit foliage tipped the linen with a tender light, contrasting with the cool gray of the whitewashed walls. In another direction the pews were filled with red caps, and occasionally the classical folds of the widows' head-dress broke the monotonous succession of round forms. Children swarmed by hundreds. The pews, almost too narrow to sit and bend the knee, were crowded with them. In the aisles troops of little figures huddled together at the pew doors, or clung to the garments of the mothers standing there, each one occupied with a bit of hard bread or holding a flower. On the other side of the church what a contrast there was! Rank after rank of shaggy brown heads followed one another to the remotest angles of the interior. On rude hat-trees were clusters of hats like so many huge flies seen black against the whitewash. In the galleries regiments of urchins peeped over the railings, apparently quieted for the time by the solemnity of the scene. During the long hours of the Lutheran service this great multitude scarcely stirred, except to rise at long intervals or to bow the head in prayer. Occasionally the cries of the children would rise above the pastor's voice, but the disturbance was unnoticed. Never did service of song or gorgeous church pageantry seem so truly worshipful and so solemn as the quiet devotion of this assembly. In the honest faces of the peasants there was the calm of religious faith. The sun-browned skin and knotted finger-joints showed that their lives knew nothing but toil. Sabbath to them was a day of complete change from the monotonous labour of the week. Midsummer Day, their greatest holiday, was only another Sabbath.

The funeral, the church service, and a quiet hour of gossip, constituted the celebration of the festival. It was not hilarious, neither was it gay, but it was diverting and interesting to us as strangers, and doubtless seemed to the peasants quite a dissipation in the busy season of summer. A few urchins peddling simple sweetmeats among the young people made the marketplace a little more lively after church was out, and the young man who generously bought and distributed one and four-fifths cents' worth of caramels was the admiration of the small boys.

The agents of the ethnographical museums had been for years scouring every hamlet in Dalecarlia for antiquities of all kinds and specimens of costumes and manufactures. One at least of the dignified elderly peasants had been for several years in the national House of Representatives, where he wore the costume of his parish. It is parish pride which insists upon a rigidly uniform holiday dress, and demands a luxurious wealth of clothes even where there may be a poverty of life's necessities. If by force of circumstances a peasant of one parish comes to live within the borders of another, he conscientiously

FEMALE GRAVE-DIGGERS.

wears his own peculiar costume every holiday to his dying day. External influences have not weakened this pride to any great extent. There is, to be sure, an appreciable degeneration in the every-day dress. In the holiday costume modern stuffs and machine work are gradually creeping in. The women are now not rare who do the family sewing on a sewing-machine. The change is coming surely, but very slowly, and the picturesque Dalecarlian will soon be found in the museums alone.

The dinner at the inn was to us no small part of the day's entertainment. The company was large and quite filled the dining-room, where only a half-dozen chairs stood by small tables between the windows. In the middle of the room was a large round table covered with dozens of different dishes, and surmounted by a silver urn with four faucets drawing as many kinds of spirit. This was the Swedish *smorgasbord,* the first peculiar institution which attracts the traveller's attention when he enters the country, and the one he will probably remember the longest. Every guest, plate and knife in hand, butters slices of bread from a decorative mountain of fresh butter, and selects the morsels of fish or flesh which best stimulate his appetite. A small glass of strong spirits taken at a swallow always follows the sandwich, and quite a hearty meal is eaten before the dinner is fairly begun. After the *smorgasbord,* a fillet of beef was served, which the guests ate as they stood and chatted. Salmon succeeded this course, and two or

three kinds of soup ended the dinner.

We took a *skjuts,* or posting-cart, for the village of Karlsvik. Our watches showed the hour of six, but the sun was still nearly four hours high, and we had only a dozen miles before us. It was a perfect summer's day. Along the roadside companies of peasants strolled homeward from the solemn celebration of the festival; cows came lazily to the barn-yards lowing to be milked, and sheep cropped the grass along the ditches. The grassland was yellow with flowers, and great fields of rye, already as high as a man's head, waved in the gentle wind. At intervals along the road we came to high gates, which kept the sheep from strolling. Here were gathered troops of happy children, ready to swing the barrier open, and afterward scramble and roll in the dust for the smallest copper coin which the traveller might throw. Two of these gates were but a short distance apart, and the children could almost throw a stone from one to another. The boys and girls swinging on one gate were all in Leksand costume, while those who showed their perfect teeth in a smiling crowd at the other were rigorously clad in Rattvik dress.

At the cross-roads in every village stood the May-pole, supported by great arches of bent birch trees, hung with wild flowers.

Through open doors we could look into cozy interiors, with white scrubbed floors sprinkled with birch leaves, and the household wealth of embroidered towels and particoloured coverlets hung along the walls. Comfort there certainly was under every roof, though luxury of anything but dress was a stranger there.

When we drove into the shady yard of the lakeside inn at Karlsvik, the peasant girls were gathered in tittering groups watching the men, hilarious over a game of tenpins, which the enterprising landlord had just added to the attractions of his establishment. Across the little bay the square tower of the great church came up in a dark mass against the hillsides beyond, and in the foreground numerous boats, rowed by singing girls, shot across the clear water. On a little grassy point that projected into the lake a beautifully trimmed May-pole had been set up, and around it was a clear spot of fresh greensward.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The rough hill-path is bleak and bare,
The sky above it dark of hue;
But o'er the height are smiling meads
Arched by a dome of purest blue.

There soft airs play, and, from the sward
So smoothly spread for earth-worn feet,
Spring evermore unfading flowers,
Fairer than fair and passing sweet;—

For these the heavenly pastures are,
Where the Good Shepherd will at last
Bring all His flock rejoicing home,
Their desert journeyings overpast.

Toronto.

Oh, beauteous bourne of blest repose!
Oh, Shepherd kind, unfailing Friend!
What reck I of the weary way,
Since He doth guide—and there't will end?

Be it yet rougher, steeper still,
Let storm-clouds lower more threateningly;
When heart grows faint and footsteps fail
He with His arm will circle me—

And up the last, most toilsome slope,
Right on to those glad fields of rest,
I shall be safely, swiftly borne,
Pillowed upon His loving breast.

God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then gives
The lamp due measure of oil: Lamp lighted—
Hold high, wave wide,
Its comfort for others to share. —*Robert Browning.*

MASTERPIECES OF FRENCH PAINTING.*

BY HORACE TOWNSEND.

PARIS is not alone the chosen city of pleasure to the average American; it is in at least an equal degree the art centre of the world. For nearly half a century indeed it was so held to be by the whole of the civilized world. To-day, even though in many directions the supremacy of France as an artistic monitor is fiercely but with reason attacked, it is to Paris that the painters of every nation turn as though to the Mecca of their craft.

The American, the English, the Belgian, the Dutch, the Spanish, the Scandinavian student betakes himself to the city on the Seine not so much to learn what as how to paint. It is to-day rather as brilliant craftsmen, as masters of technique in the highest sense of the word, that the French School of Painters dominates the world of art. Lofty imagination, poetic visualization, moral purpose, idealistic intensity—all these qualities and others no less worthy of admiration are to be found among the other nations in possibly a greater degree, but it is the French alone who have not only caught to perfection the trick of craftsmanship from the masters of the sixteenth century but are able to impart it to others.

It is, I am inclined to think, largely this faculty of instruction by the communication of ideas inherent in the French character, aided perhaps by a well-developed logical sense, which has enabled the mid-nineteenth century painters to impress themselves as forcibly as they did, not only upon their own kinsmen and generation, but upon their outlying neighbours and transatlantic admirers as well. Their influence was not so much individual as scholastic. From the days of pinchbeck and soulless classicism, identified with the names of David and his followers, Guerin, Regnault, and Lethiere, to these present ones, marked by the determined revolt from the immediate traditions of their forerunners, brought about by such impressionists as Manet, Renoir, and Monet, one can trace easily and clearly the growth, the interrelation, and the varying influence of the different schools. At the same time it may be recognized that national characteristics and racial peculiarities have played their part distinctly and insistently.

Consider for a moment the neoclassic revival, to which I have made momentary reference, in the early years of the century, headed by Jacques Louis David. The effective yearning for the supposed Republican severity of antiquity

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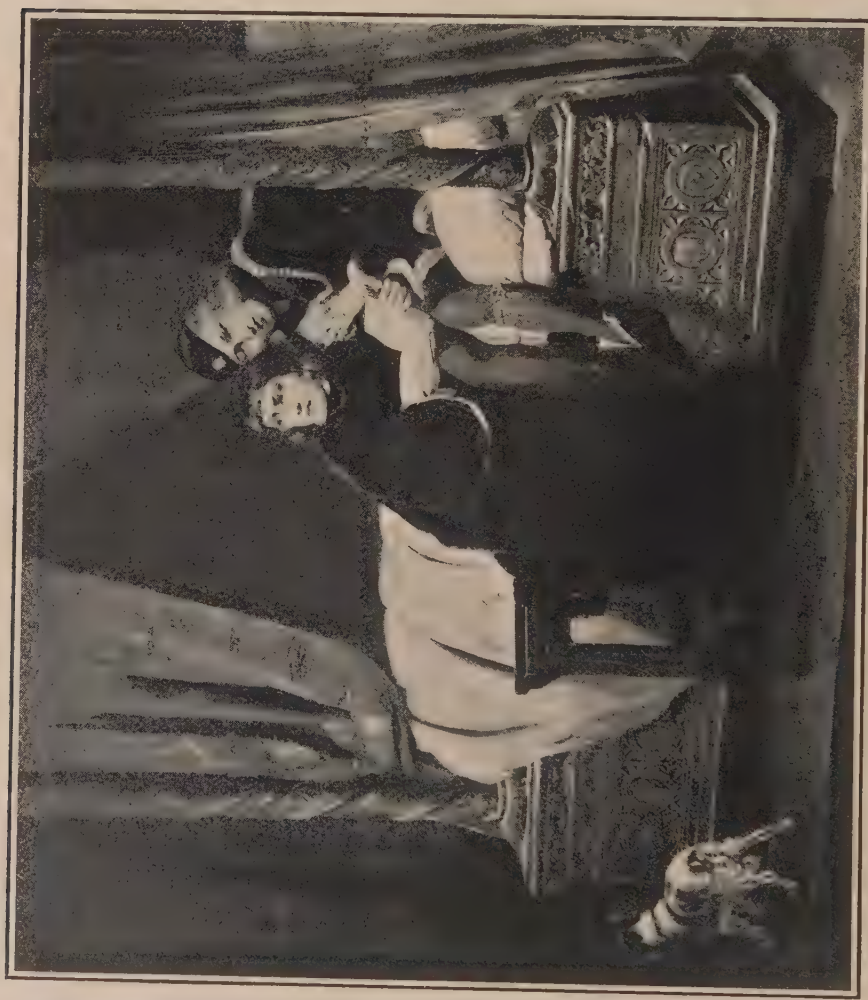
* From The Chautauquan.

which ran through revolutionary France as though it were an epidemic was doubtless in the main responsible for David's extravagances of method, but the spirit underlying these more obvious individualisms was in its essence that



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.—THE CHILDREN OF EDWARD IV. —By Delaroche.

which has animated each successive generation of French painters, however varying may be their style. Reliance upon tradition, tempered by a logical appreciation of the fact too often forgotten by the Teutonic races, that this same tradition must be a silken cord to guide rather than a steel fetter to bind, takes leading place in the methods of the vast majority of nineteenth century French painters. While this continues to be so France will still remain the great art teacher of Europe. That she does not to-day hold her supreme place of aforetime is due not so much to a weakening of her artistic faculty as to the fact that she has taught her lesson so well to other nations that they have learned all she has to teach, have added to it something of their own,

THE GLEANER. —By Jules Breton.

either of temperament or intellectuality, and have thus in some degree bettered the instruction. To quote Tennyson's somewhat garbled phrase,

> "Most can raise the flower now,
> For all have got the seed."

I have referred to the influence of David on French art. This was not exercised so much through his own works, which were wanting in vitality and force and in their heartlessness and coldness suggested too much second-rate sculp-

ture, as though the band of enthusiastic and devoted students whom after his return to Paris from his long residence in Rome he gathered around him and infused with much of his own sentiment.

Chief among these was Dominique Ingres, who by many latter-day critics is considered one of the most noteworthy painters produced by the France of this century. Entering the studio of David at the age of sixteen, it was in 1802 that Ingres painted his first important work. Four years later he went to Italy, where he remained for nearly twenty years, returning to Paris to find the school of his former master supplanted by that of Delacroix. In 1834 Ingres returned once more to Rome as director of the French Academy in that city, but the early forties found him once more in Paris, where he remained until his death.

Although in his later years he shook off the more apparent influence of David and attached himself to the Romantic School of Delacroix, he was yet, to all intents and purposes, a classicist rather than a romanticist.

Perhaps a word is due to the nascence of the Romantic School. This was a movement, comparable to that in literature, which aimed at emancipation from the yoke of academic formality which the followers of David had imposed on their successors. One of the most notable leaders of this revolt—a revolt so absolute as to amount almost to a renaissance—was Eugene Delacroix, who as a youth studied under Guerin, who in his turn had been a pupil of Regnault.

Ary Scheffer, the somewhat cloying beauty of whose compositions renders them to this day highly popular with the masses, even though they incur the artist's reproach of prettiness, was born at Dordrecht of French parents, came to Paris in the early years of the century, and was apprenticed to Guerin, but save in his draftsmanship he was little indebted to that master, for the delicacy and softness of his technical execution are all his own. His most celebrated picture, perhaps, is his "Francesca da Rimini," and next his series taken from Goethe's "Faust" and some of his religious paintings, notably "St. Monica" and "Christ the Consoler."

Of sturdier fibre was Paul Delaroche, the celebrated historical painter, who studied under Gros and whose mark was made before he was thirty, when he produced his famous "Vincent de Paul Preaching," "Joan of Arc in Prison," and his fine "St. Sebastian." His chief work, however, was the decoration of fresco of the amphitheatre of the Palais des Beaux Arts. To this noble production, known as the "Hemicycle," Delaroche devoted nearly five years, introducing between sixty and seventy full-length portraits of the most eminent painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers, grouped on either side of a throne on which sat Ictinus, Apelles, and Phidias, typifying respectively architecture, painting, and sculpture.

Nor must Horace Vernet, the father in art of those excellent painters of military subjects and battle scenes who have ennobled the later record of French art, be forgotten. He was the grandson of a celebrated marine painter, and was born in 1780, having produced by the time he was twenty-five his notable "Capture of the Redoubt," and the "Massacre of the Mamelukes," while later in life he produced a noteworthy series illustrative of the victories achieved by the French armies in Algeria.

Couture, also a pupil of Delaroche, painted in the manner of that master some satisfactory historical pictures, including "The Romans

in the Decadence of the Empire." Toward the middle of the century we find names even more familiar commanding our attention. Decamps, for instance, who has been called the forerunner of the Barbizon masters, is chiefly celebrated for his pictures of oriental subjects, marked by their realism and beauty of colour. Troyon, too, who began life as a painter on porcelain, but soon sought a wider field, in the early thirties began to exhibit in the Salon. His "Park at St. Cloud" first revealed his magnificent capabilities as a landscape painter, but these were far surpassed by his "View in Brittany," painted in 1841, and some years later by his "Going to Market," perhaps one of the finest examples of his work. It is almost safe to say that, with the exception of the English painter Constable, no one has so influenced the landscape art of our own day as Troyon.

THE SHEPHERDESS. —By Mauve.

I have referred both to the Barbizon School and to Constable, and it is fitting that I should now point out how these two influences

worked together to produce that magnificent school of French landscapists who have done so much to make the art of their country almost a household word in the United States. It was in 1824 that Constable's "Hay-wain" was exhibited at Paris and served well-nigh as a revelation to the younger school of French painters. It is curious that Constable, who was so peculiarly an English painter, should have impressed himself and his method more strongly upon the art of France than upon that of his own country. He stands indeed pre-eminently at the head of modern realistic landscape painters, but it seems to have taken years for his countrymen to discover what the Frenchmen of nigh two generations ago appreciated almost at a glance. It was he who opened the eyes of French landscape painters to the importance of values, and he may almost be said to have been the first painter who mastered the difficulty of rendering them.

Although, as I have said, Troyon owed much of his eminence to Constable, it is among the so-called Barbizon School that his influence may most clearly be traced. It was between 1830 and 1840 that there arose this new school, so called from the name of the little village on the borders of Fontainebleau, near to which its first members worked. Although they may have owed their original inspiration to the "Hay-wain" and one or two others of Constable's pictures which were acquired by the French government, they very soon achieved an independent position, alike for themselves as individuals and for their school as an entity. Discarding the traditions of the past, they went straight to nature, and painted it as they saw it. Among the members of this great school were Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, Millet, and Diaz.

The story of Rousseau's life is in its essence that of many a great artist. It is a story of life-long struggle against the contempt and ignorance of those who have been the first to cheer and encourage him. Year after year he found his pictures rejected by the Salon, and year after year he continued patiently working according to the inner light vouchsafed to him, until, permanently embittered, and with his natural sensitiveness increased until it had become almost a disease, he died of a broken heart at the last crowning insult bestowed upon him, when in 1867 the little bit of ribbon of the Legion of Honour, on which he had set his heart, was withheld from him and granted to no fewer than five artists, none of whom was more worthy than he of its bestowal. Early in life it was only the warm approval and practical encouragement of Ary Scheffer which enabled him to follow his artistic inclinations and to achieve his first modified success. By this time he was already wedded to the glades and alleys of the forest of Fontainebleau, and here or in this immediate neighbourhood he passed the rest of his sad life with Millet for neighbour and Diaz for pupil.

Like Rousseau, Corot was a Parisian, and came of a worthy *bourgeois* family, by whom as a youth he was apprenticed to a draper. The artistic instinct, however, was strong within him, and in spite of all opposition he determined to be a painter. It was in Italy, whither he went to study while still a young man, that he steeped himself in that classic sentiment which, underlying the fidelity of his transcripts from nature, gives to his work its peculiar charm and value. No landscape painter of our generation has deserved in equal degree the title of poet. Supreme in his mastery of technique, he was yet never seduced into the belief that technique alone

OPHELIA.

could make a great artist. We have only to glance at his most celebrated pictures, such as his "Homer and the Shepherds," his "Idyll," which forms one of the chief glories of the Louvre, and his "Morning" and "Evening" to see that each one of his canvases expresses an idea, and is pervaded with almost a superabundance of sentiment.

Diaz, although the son of Spanish parents, was born in France and was the favourite pupil of Rousseau. It is as a colourist that Diaz gained his fame, and in his landscapes, truthful as they are, he allowed this love of rich and glowing colour to run riot. Daubigny is known to us chiefly by his river subjects.

It is Jean Francois Millet who is, after all, one of the chief glories of the Barbizon School. One finds it difficult in his case to disassociate the work of the artist from his life, of which it was so true a reflection. The son of poor peasant parents, Millet remained to the end of his hard, laborious, honest life the peasant. To him nature revealed itself not through the glowing haze of poetic imagination, in which to the other masters of the Barbizon

School it was steeped, but as the stern, if kind, mother, by whom the lives of those sad peasants he loved so well to paint were subtly influenced. It was the reaper rather than the field of golden grain he saw, the gleaner rather than the bare stubble, the sower rather than the rolling stretch of freshly turned-up earth who stirred his soul to its inmost depths and wrung from him recognition of the dignity and the poetry of suffering and of labour.

Although of his pictures his "Angelus" has received the boldest advertisement, it is by no means his most thoughtful or most justly celebrated work. Where all are so admirable, however, it is an ill work to overestimate one above another. I need only say that among his finest pictures are "The Reapers," "The Sheep Shearers," "The Gleaners," "The Man with the Hoe," "The Sower," and the "Peasant Grafting a Tree." Of his life it is enough to say that it was one long struggle with poverty, relieved only at its close by a few wintry gleams of encouragement.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Barbizon School summed up in themselves all the excellence of the mid-century French painters. Such names as those of Charles Bastien La Page, who during his short life left an ineradicable mark upon his generation as one of the most notable of the *plein airists,* and whose "Joan of Arc" is, with all its limitation, a great painting; Edouard Frere, a pupil of Delaroche, whose renderings of the simple and everyday scenes of the life of the lower classes, with their low tones and subtle harmonies of colour, are among the choicest treasures of many an American collection; De Neuville, the artistic descendant of Horace Vernet, whose "Last Cartridge" is perhaps one of the finest anecdotal pictures which owe their being to the incidents of the Franco-German War; Courbet, whose more promising career was cut short by his regrettable connection with the iconoclastic vagaries of the Commune; Regnault, whose career, like that of Courbet, though in a different and more worthy manner, was cut short by the War of 1870; all these are among those who have passed away and have yet left behind them distinct and noteworthy influences.

Nor is France of to-day without many names which are worthy to compare with the great ones of the past. Bouguereau, for instance, who, though the verdict of time will probably not place him among the greatest of his generation, has done something more than supply the galleries of rich collectors with his idealistic rendering of the poetical nude. He has been a teacher almost as long as he has been a painter, and his consummate gifts of technique have been offered by him to younger generations with no niggard hand. Jules Breton, uniting realism with sturdy sentiment, has not only made his beloved Brittany, with its picturesquely sombre peasants, familiar to the civilized world, but has coincidently produced pictures which, from a painter's point of view, are marked by all the excellences of magnificent drawing and harmonious colour.

Antoine Mauve, who, though a Dutchman by birth, is in art and by education a lineal descendant of the Barbizon School, has not only worthily carried on the best traditions of these masters but from a purely technical point of view has added to them a touch of modernity which gives to his luminous landscapes a beauty that is all their own. Henner, more limited and confined in his range than should be the case with a really great artist, has yet shown how admirable, in both line and colour,

THE ODALISQUE.

may be a craftsman's work, within well-defined, even if self-imposed, limits. Meissonier, again, though it is the fashion nowadays in some critical circles to decry his work and his methods, teaches us, too, this lesson of the value of painstaking technique. Duran, Cabanel, Bonnat, Cazin, and a score of other familiar names are living exemplars of that lesson which it has been given to France of this century to teach—namely, that the first duty of a painter is to know how to paint.

Signs have not been wanting, however, that with the close of the century French painters are recognizing what a decade ago they seem to be in danger of forgetting, that technique is, after all, but a means to an end. What the French School as a whole will decide upon as being the most worthy end is not to be definitely forecast. Whether Puvis de Chavannes will lead the bulk of the younger men in the direction of that school of decorative art which combines the beautiful convention of a former

age with the intellectuality of the nineteenth century; whether Degas and Manet and the other so-called impressionists, who have thrown away all traditions, will fulfil the brilliant promises they have given, or whether the more modern symbolists who have inaugurated a movement in close sympathy with that which has already swayed French literature will ultimately conquer is not to be lightly predicated.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

There are many sad stories in English history, but none have touched the heart of humanity more than that of the murder of the little Prince of Wales and the Duke of York in the Tower of London over four hundred years ago. Edward IV., whose unexpected death took place in 1483, left two sons, Edward, in his twelfth year, who afterwards became king under the title of Edward V., and the little prattler, Richard, Duke of York, in his ninth year. Their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., had been appointed by King Edward IV. Lord Protector, or Regent. With ruthless butchery—his mind was as misshapen as his body—he murdered every one who came between himself and the throne. The first of these was his brother, the Duke of Clarence, and then the little princes, his nephews.

When condemned to prison, the prattling Duke said, "I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower." "Why," said his Uncle Gloucester, "what do you fear?" "My Uncle Clarence's angry ghost," the little lad replied; "my grandma told me he was murdered there."

Richard gave orders to the constable of the Tower to put his nephews to death, but he refused to have any hand in the infamous work, and was deposed from his office. Another ruffian, Tyrrel, choosing three associates—Slater, Dighton, and Forrest—came in the night to the door of the chamber where the princes were lodged, and sent in the three assassins. They found the young princes in bed, and after suffocating them with the pillows, they showed their bodies to Tyrrel, who ordered them to be buried deep in the ground beneath the stairs under a heap of stones. Years after, in the reign of Charles II., their bodies were found and were interred beneath a marble monument in Westminster Abbey.

The visitors to the Bloody Tower still visit with tearful interest the place where these innocents were murdered, and then the small sarcophagus which contains their bones in that mausoleum of England's mighty dead, the memory-haunted Abbey of Westminster. The immortal bard, who has embalmed in imperishable verse so much of the history of Great Britain, thus makes Tyrrel, the governor of the Tower, recount the manner of the death of the hapless princes:

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done:
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
'O thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes,'—
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;'
. . . . There the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.'
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king."

The mother of the hapless princes, the discrowned queen, was inconsolable, and cried,

"Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

"So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute,—
O God,
Why didst Thou sleep when such a deed was done?"

But never was more strikingly fulfilled the Scripture, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." The wretched Richard was haunted by the ghosts of his slaughtered victims, and perished miserably in the bloody fight of Bosworth Field.

IN TESLA'S LABORATORY.

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

Here in the dark what ghostly figures press!—
No phantom of the Past, or grim or sad;
No wailing spirit of woe, no spectre, clad
In white and wandering cloud, whose dumb distress
Is that its crime it never may confess;
No shape from the strewn sea; nor they that add
The link of Life and Death,—the tearless mad,
That live nor die in dreary nothingness.

But blessèd spirits waiting to be born—
Thoughts to unlock the fettering chains of Things;
The Better Time; the Universal Good.
Their smile is like the joyous break of morn;
How fair, how near, how wistfully they brood!
Listen! that murmur is of angels' wings.

DREAM.

Last night I dreamed I saw my mother young.
I never knew her till her hair was gray.
Last night I saw the wrinkles smoothed away
And pearls about her satin shoulders strung.
Out from our homely tools of toil among
She came as if she knew them not. There lay
Old hopes in her young eyes. Faintly to-day
Are sounding the dead madrigals she sung.

And I, who watched the stolen march of days,
And would not see the days they stole away,
Moved breathlessly to meet her, mute with praise;
But, ah, the vibrant hand that in mine lay
Was not the one I love upon my hair;
Nor hers the mother eyes, deep, deep with prayer.

—*Zona Gale, in the Bookman.*

SYDNEY SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH.

"GOOD-BYE, Mr. Smith. I have enjoyed your hospitality extremely. You constantly remind me of Sam Brown, whom in our country we consider quite our most remarkable buffoon."

This speech, according to a perfectly apocryphal legend, was made by an American guest to Sydney Smith. The story, though absolutely without foundation, does illustrate a very common and erroneous view of the great canon of St. Paul's and immortal rector of Foston. In England, at least, the public are apt to forget Sydney Smith's great services to rational freedom, and to think of him only as "quite our most remarkable buffoon." We remember him as the wit who told the child who stroked the tortoise that she "might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's by way of pleasing the Dean." He lives as the author of the innocent query, "On whose?" when he was told by his doctor to "take a walk on an empty stomach." He is the stout humorist who in a hot summer desired "to take off his flesh and sit in his bones." He it was who, when attempts, ultimately successful, were made to warm the cathedral of St. Paul's, observed, "You might as well try to warm the

county of Middlesex." These and a thousand other anecdotes of the same kind keep Sydney Smith's jocund memory green, but always in the character of "our most remarkable buffoon." The Scotch less pleasantly remember the Canon for the saying that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Caledonian head. One can rarely take up a Scotch newspaper without finding an angry protest against that remark, which is only true of a minority of my countrymen, but of them true as Gospel. Sydney Smith was no better liked for the geographical remark that Scotland was only "the knuckle-bone of England." Did Bruce and Wallace bleed for a knuckle-bone?

It is not impossible that some American readers, like our patriotic Scots, knew Sydney Smith best by the tart things he said about their country sixty years since. "Literature the Americans have none—native literature we mean: it is all imported." "Some pieces of pleasantry by Mr. Irving"—Washington Irving—he admits, do exist, and he notes the appearance of an epic poem "by Mr. Timothy Dwight." "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play?" Sydney Smith asked in The Edinburgh Review (1818-1820). The development of eighty years has taken all the sting out of these antique gibes.

At a time when Sydney Smith's fame is dwindling into that of a japer of japes, Mr. Reid's biography is of high value and interest. He has sought earnestly for fresh information, and unused documents have been entrusted to him by the descendants of many of the friends of Sydney Smith. He has also visited, in the spirit of a devout pilgrim, the remote and quiet rustic shrines, the parishes where Sydney Smith passed so much of his life among the country poor. He describes the little-changed scenes, the churches and parsonages, and collects the last echoes of local traditions. Throughout his biography Mr. Reid has always made it his business to remind us of Sydney Smith's sterling virtues, his courage, energy, hatred of oppression, scorn of foolish public opinion, kindness, and genial wisdom.

GATEWAY OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

Young and even middle-aged men can scarcely believe that the England of Sydney Smith's youth was so different from the England of to-day. When Sydney Smith was the life of The Edinburgh Review, Catholics were still under disabilities inherited from the time of Elizabeth. Members of Parliament were returned for decayed villages by five or six venal voters, while places like Birmingham had no representatives at all. In the squire's interest, foreign grain was under a prohibitive tax. In the squire's interest, it was forbidden to sell game, and the richest merchant or banker, if landless, could only see a partridge at dinner by helping to break the game laws.

In the Museum of Scotch Antiquaries, when I was a boy, there used to be an object which was very

attractive to youths. It was a large block of heavy wood, in which was accommodated a stout gun-barrel, with an old-fashioned flint lock. This mechanism was attached to wires and chains, and the whole was called a "spring-gun." These spring-guns the squire was permitted to conceal in his covers, with the wires cunningly spread, so that the trespasser—artist, poacher, or whoever he was—might trip in the meshes, pull the trigger, and so get himself shot. And man-traps, with or without sharp-toothed edges, were also employed to capture the wayfarer.

While these were the amenities of the country, the towns were not free from barbarism. Sydney Smith draws a horrible picture of a great London party—every one merry, the table bountifully set forth with flowers, glass, and silver, the dinner exquisite, and a small "climbing boy" being roasted to death up the chimney! Of smaller social changes, those produced by steam, electricity, gas, education, it is not necessary to speak. Not one of the changes, from the emancipation of the Catholics to the abolition of spring-guns and man-traps, from humanity to climbing boys to the drainage of that then horribly malodorous city, Edinburgh, was unaided by the humour and eloquence of Sydney Smith.

In doing all this, Sydney Smith deliberately placed himself for the time beyond the reach of clerical preferment. He was an ambitious man, a man fond of power, and yet he threw in his lot with the side which, though certain to win in the long run, was by no means certain to win during his lifetime. His chosen mode of attack, ridicule, "shooting abuses with sparrow-shot," he probably could not help choosing. His splendid endowments of wit and intellectual high spirits left him no other course. But he knew as well as any one that his wit was all but fatal to his professional chances. His daughter, Lady Holland, used to say that among her earliest recollections was the following incident. An acquaintance met her and said, "Tell your father that the King has been reading his books, and says, 'Mr. Smith is a clever fellow, but he will never be a bishop.'" He never was a bishop; he laughed at the Bench as French wits laugh at the Academy, but he would have been just as glad to wear lawn sleeves as a Frenchman to don the gold-embroidered coat of the Immortals.

Essex is not, in the opinion of its local rivals, a county opulent in genius. "Essex calves," the neighbours call these East Saxons, and Essex appears to be looked on as the Bœotia of England. Sydney Smith did his best to remove the reproach from the foggy county by being born there, at Woodford, on June 3, 1771. His father, Robert, was a capricious, eccentric humorist, who left his beautiful wife, Sydney Smith's mother, at the church door and went off to America. He returned in the course of time, and became the sire of Sydney, and Bobus, and other less famous children.

The young Smiths were encouraged by their father to be argumentative and disputatious—"a most intolerable and overbearing set of boys," according to Sydney. The father judiciously sent them to different public schools. Sydney and Courtenay went to Winchester. Winchester was then a terribly rough place, full of cruel mediæval traditions. Sydney Smith, though successful in form, appears to have been tolerably miserable there.

While Sydney was wretched at Winchester, his brother Bobus was probably quite jolly at Eton. There Bobus made friends among the children of earls, whom Sydney came to know later, and hence his intro-

duction to Holland House, and the origin of his share of "the caresses of the great." His brother Bobus was a wit like himself. He was a barrister. "Your profession certainly does not make angels of men," said Sir Henry Holland, the physician. "No, but *yours* does," replied Bobus, with an innocent air, adding another to the many jests against doctors.

From Winchester Sydney Smith went to New College, Oxford, and got a fellowship, worth, at that time, only £100 a year, and never drew another penny from his father. It was before quitting Oxford, we presume, in 1794, that Sydney Smith went to live in Mont Villiers, in France. For the sake of safety, this orthodox young Whig joined the local Jacobin club, where he was known as *le Citoyen Smees.* Probably no other Jacobin ever became a Canon of St. Paul's, or wrote statedly in The Edinburgh Review.

Perhaps Sydney Smith would never have chosen the Church as a profession had the choice been his. He was put in one of the priests' offices that he might earn a morsel of bread, for his father could not afford to educate him, like Bobus, for the bar. Being a priest, Sydney Smith did his duty manfully by Church and people: perhaps in no career could his example and his work have been so profitable to his country and his kind. His first curacy (1794) was that of Nether Avon, "six miles from a lemon."

Sydney Smith struggled with the idle "wretchedness of most unclean living," as the Prayer-book calls it, that prevailed in his parish. He opened Sunday-schools, where the ragged boys came in the most airy garments, "ready for a whipping," like fowls ready trussed for cooking.

In 1798 he became travelling tutor, "bear-leader," as they said then, to the young heir of all the Hicks-Beaches, and took his pupil to Edinburgh.

These were the days of Dugald Stewart, of Sir Walter's glorious youth, of Adam Ferguson and Henry Erskine, Jeffrey and Camp-

MR. SYDNEY SMITH'S HOUSE, 56 GREEN STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON.

bell. Sydney Smith and his pupil lived on the windy crest of the New Town, in George Street. Sydney says that he once rescued a man who was black in the face, having been blown by the wind flat against the door of his lodgings. I myself have seen a lady lifted up about three feet off the ground by the wind in Edinburgh, while pallid bailies clung trembling round the

solid pedestals of the monuments in George Street, and fathers of families who had to cross Dean Bridge crawled on their hands and knees.

In 1802, Sydney Smith became one of the original staff of The Edinburgh Review, and *his* articles at least retain all the sparkle and effervescence which have died out of the essays of his comrades. In Edinburgh was the first home of his married life—a life of few adventures, mere "changes from the blue room to the brown," from one rectory or vicarage to another. In 1803 he left Edinburgh for London, where he almost at once became a popular preacher and lecturer. He now became and remained the guest and friend of Holland House. Like Carlyle, he could not always afford a cab, and he was compelled to trudge through the rainy streets, and change his muddy boots on his arrival. Carlyle has confessed and groaned over his own loss of temper when Mrs. Carlyle's draggled shoelaces needed to be tied up.

These years of danger from abroad, years when a day's mastery of the Channel would have made Napoleon master of England, were evil times for Liberals, and Tories of the most strenuous and benighted sort checked all domestic reforms during Sydney Smith's residence in London, and kept France on the far side of the blessed narrow seas. The country had enough to do to defend her shores, without troubling about Catholic emancipation. However, the Grenville ministry and Sydney Smith's friends had a brief lease of power in 1806. For their ingenuous supporter Sydney Smith, they secured a living, that of Foston, in the deepest depths of Yorkshire. The living was worth £500 a year, and was a certainty which a poor man could not refuse, however much he might regret leaving London for the Cimerian darkness of the country, and for dinner parties where the servant threw away the soup, "supposing it was dirty water."

From the Yorkshire retreat, where he was parson, doctor, magistrate, and architect of his own new vicarage, Sydney Smith published the "Letters of Peter Plymley." These anonymous epistles advocated the claims of the Catholics to complete liberty, and especially took the side of the Irish. Sydney Smith could not foresee that the concession of all the reforms he demanded would still leave the Ireland of to-day in a condition more distressing than open rebellion. The Government in vain tried to discover the author of the "Plymley Letters"—epistles unmatched in destructive wit except by the infinitely finer banter of Pascal. Sydney Smith found Foston a parish where there had been no resident parson for more than a century and a half, and where the parsonage-house was valued at £50. He built a parsonage and farmsteading at a cost of £4,000, brought one hundred acres under cultivation, and spent upon the living more than it was worth. All this while he was fighting the mediæval survivals of our law and society in The Edinburgh Review. "If a man injured Westminster Bridge, he was hanged; if he appeared disguised on a public road, he was hanged; if he cut down young trees, if he shot at rabbits, if he stole anything at all from a wheat field, . . . for any of these offences he was hanged"—so savage was the law of England in the early part of what the clergyman described as "this so-called nineteenth century."

In his warfare against abuses up to this date Sydney Smith had been a writer only. In 1825 he appeared for the first time as a speaker on a public platform, to support the claims of the Catholics. But his brother clergy were too strong for him. "A poor clergyman whis-

pered to me," he writes, "that he was quite of my way of thinking, but had nine children. I begged he would remain a Protestant."

In 1828 Sydney Smith left Foston for preferment at Bristol, where he preached to a Protestant mayor and corporation an unpardonable and unpardoned sermon about the duty of Christian charity toward persons differing from us in creed. For twenty years the corporation never returned to the cathedral where they had listened to such subversive doctrines. Perhaps the ferocity of Bristol orthodoxy made sleep with Cough and Cramp," wrote Lamb; "we lie three in a bed." Sydney Smith, too, could tell how he and Mrs. Smith fared at the hands of physicians. "We take something every hour," he says, convivially, "and pass the mixture." But at sixty-three he was still burly and active-looking, with dark complexion and iron-gray hair."

On Saturday evening, February 22, 1845, came the Saturday evening of the life of Sydney Smith, and he entered on the Sabbath of his rest. When he was dying,

FOSTON RECTORY, YORKSHIRE.

Sydney all the better pleased to migrate to the beautiful west Somerset parish of Combey Florey, "the vale of flowers," where he had leisure to throw himself into the final struggle for Parliamentary reform.

The triumph of his party enabled them to offer him a canonry of St. Paul's, and this prize was the high-water-mark of Sydney Smith's professional promotion. He made up his mind "to grow old merrily," and his letters, like Charles Lamb's, are now touched with the melancholy of humorous old age. "I some one came to see him and said, "I fear, Mr. Smith, you are very ill." "Yes," replied Sydney Smith, "not enough of me left to make a curate."

When one tries to estimate the genius of Sydney Smith, what strikes one most is his humour unaccompanied by melancholy. Most great humorists have been melancholy men, like Moliere. Sydney Smith, on the other hand, was not a jester only in his books and in society. His wonderful high spirits were almost constantly with him in the home, which they filled

with happiness and laughter. The essence of his wit is this volatile and airy spirit, discovering mirthful resemblances in things where other men only saw incongruities.

He began his "History of Ethics" with Socrates, and avowed that "Aristotle was not such a fool as many people think who have never read him." The early philosophers, he declared, "were gallant gentlemen, for whose company, I confess, I have never had any great relish." Again: "If Orpheus or Linus sang, in bad verse, such advice as a grandmother would now give a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the gods, and statues or altars were erected to his memory." This good-humoured irreverence to the mighty shades of Orpheus and Linus reminds one, in its frank Philistinism, of Mark Twain and the "Innocents Abroad."

But the gaiety of Sydney Smith becomes more boisterous than ever when he tries to account for the superiority of man over the beast. To these he allows the rudiments of our faculties. But *we,* he remarked, live longer, collect more experience, and are gregarious, so that we communicate our valuable discoveries to each other. How different is the conduct, he says, of the unprogressive lion! "A lion lives under a hole in a rock, and if any other lion happens to pass by they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress." Again, lions are uncommunicative, very; hence their stationary culture. "If lions would only come together and growl out the observations they have made about killing sheep and shepherds, and the most likely places for catching a calf grazing, they could not fail to improve."

Again, when the Catholics were oppressed in Ireland, Sydney Smith said to the clergy and the Government: "Why do you choose these fierce people to bully? Why don't you torment William Wilberforce and the Clapham saints? Why torture a bulldog when you can get a frog or a rabbit?" Again he writes, on pulpit oratory: "Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is sin to be taken from man, as Eve was from Adam, by casting him into a deep sleep?"

He was a great lover of light; he rejoiced, like Scot, in the discovery of gas, a flaring mode of lighting which we do not much admire nowadays. This love of light, of shadowless views and clear-cut distinctions, was part of his intellectual nature. "We are all for orthodoxy and common-sense," he exclaimed, in The Edinburgh Review, and he was convinced that common-sense and orthodoxy were at one in their decisions. His mind was of the eighteenth century. He had no more mercy on Methodists and missionaries (guilty, both of them, of "enthusiasm") than on "Puseyites," those ambiguous creatures, the bats of the modern twilight of the gods.

In parting with Sydney Smith, one cannot but hold him *felix opportunitate vitae*—happy in the span allotted to him of life. Liberalism was triumphant in his latter days. What would he think of the "enthusiasms" of modern Liberalism? How would his orthodoxy regard Darwinism, now that Evolution has passed beyond the reach of facile ridicule? Many things in which Sydney Smith rejoiced seem now to have the drawbacks inseparable from his beloved gas. He might have been less assured in all his ideas had he lived in our time; but how we miss his wisdom, his wit, his mirth!—we who live in an age of stolidity and frivolity, when instruction, as Sydney Smith said of Hallam's books, is "clear of every particle of amusement."

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.*

A CHARACTER-SKETCH.

BY W. T. STEAD.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

"A ROMANCE adorning English life"—that is Lady Henry Somerset. Her character-sketch would, if adequately written, be a kaleidoscopic picture of English life, bright with its splendour and lurid with its gloom—radiant with the glories of ancient fame, and still more radiant with the promise of things to come, but at the same time never entirely free from the shadow of the lowering thunder-cloud.

Lady Henry Somerset has asserted the conviction which has been driven in upon her by long years of silent study and active

* The approaching visit to the United States and Canada of Lady Henry Somerset, the foremost leader among women of the temperance reform, will give special interest to Mr. Stead's character-sketch of this notable woman. However much we have been compelled to dissent from Mr. Stead's views on the Boer War, we have always admired his championship of many moral reforms, especially that of the temperance reform.

work—the conviction, that is, that if the woes of the world are to be lessened, women must grapple bravely with their causes, that in the world's broad field of battle women must range themselves on the side of those who are struggling for justice, and that if any mending or ending of the worst evils of society is to be accomplished in our time, the heart and the instinct and the intellect of women must be felt in the councils of the nation. The aristocratic Lady Clara Vere de Vere has developed into the modern Britomart, couching her lance in the cause of Temperance and Womanhood, Labour and Democracy—a notable evolution indeed.

Lady Henry Somerset is a Somerset only by marriage. By birth she was Lady Isabel Somers-Cocks, for she was the daughter of Earl Somers. Lady Isabel in those early days was as punctilious about asserting her caste as Lady Henry is to-day indifferent to the trappings of her order.

The Countess Somers was French on her mother's side. Epicurean rather than Puritan, she reigned among her admiring circle as a queen. Lady Somers was about the last woman in all England whom sober, serious Puritans of the Temperance cause would have expected to be the mother of their chief.

Her father, Earl Somers, a man of unalterable fidelity, of sound judgment, who inherited something of the spirit of adventure which has constantly reasserted itself in his family, and which impelled his grandson to pursue a venturesome quest for grizzlies in the unexplored regions of Athabasca, was one of the companions of Sir Henry Layard in the great expedition which resulted in the unearthing of the ruins of ancient Nineveh, and he was never so happy as when he was camping out on archæological expeditions in the deserted lands of Asia Minor. His sterling qualities were highly esteemed by all who knew him, from his Sovereign to his peasants. His faith was as simple as his disposition. He retained a deep love and reverence for the Bible and for its inspired teaching, and to the time of his death busied himself daily in making accurate translations from the Greek in the endeavour to acquire new light on the meaning of obscure passages.

Lord Somers was devoted to his children, and bestowed special pains upon the education of his daughters. From earliest childhood Lady Isabel appears to have been a bright, engaging child, with occasional traces of the *enfant terrible.* Lord Somers was a scholar, although not a pedant, and as he had no son he bestowed special pains upon his daughter's education. From childhood she was familiar with French as her mother tongue, and she was almost equally at home in Italian and in German. She and her sister grew up to womanhood subject to many influences, but preserving and developing a very strong and well-marked individuality.

Lady Isabel was a great heiress. Eastnor Castle and Reigate and Somers Town were her destined heritage. Lady Isabel was the pursuit of the marriageable youth. Among her suitors was a younger son of the Beaufort family. He proposed, and Lady Isabel refused. But a course was pursued by this by no means disconcerted aspirant that was likely to prove successful in the present emergency. He withdrew from the world, announced his intention to live for a philanthropic purpose, and seemed to scorn the idle life of the society lounger. Lady Somers was above all things anxious that her daughter should remain with her after marriage as before, and she saw in Lord Henry Somerset, who

had no fortune of his own, a son gained and a daughter regained; and with the influence which such a mother naturally exerted over such a daughter, when Lord Henry Somerset renewed his suit, Lady Isabel passively asquiesced, and then it was that Lady Isabel Somers became Lady Henry Somerset.

From a worldly point of view it did not seem disadvantageous. Lord Henry Somerset, the second son of the Duke, was, as befitted a scion of such a house, in high favour in Court, with fair prospect of one day becoming a member of the Cabinet. He was already a member of the House of Commons and a Privy Councillor.

For a time all went well or fairly well. They were married in 1872. Tennyson sent the bride on her bridal day a basket of snowdrops which he had gathered for her with his own hands. In 1874 Lady Henry, then twenty-three years of age, became the mother of a boy, her only child, in whom she found some consolation for the disappointments of an uncongenial marriage; for Lord Henry had few tastes in common with his wife. He was also addicted to practices the pursuit of which is incompatible even with the large laxity of the English aristocratic life. The result was that the law courts pronounced the mother the guardian of the boy, an amicable separation was arranged, and Lord Henry, after a brief attempt to pose as a martyr in England, retired to maintain the state of a *declasse* English peer on a handsome allowance from his wife's fortune. Although Lord Henry is still said to keep up some show as leader of the exiled English at Florence, he is socially and politically dead.

Lady Henry then devoted herself assiduously to the upbringing of her boy and the discharge of the usual social duties of a lady of her position. In addition to these she was, as she had always been, ever ready to help in any work of charity or of mercy. She naturally took a less active part in society, but she kept up the usual round of the woman of the world. Her sister had married the Marquis of Tavistock; her father was in delicate health and much abroad, and Lady Henry had many lonely hours at Reigate Priory, which she sought to enliven by diligent devotion to the management of the estate. She was active, energetic, and independent, but she had not yet felt the great impulse which was soon to transform her whole life.

"The word of the Lord came to Elijah;" "The Lord spake unto Abraham, saying;" and Saul on his way to Damascus heard a voice from heaven;—with all these formulas we are sufficiently familiar. But the possibility of similar utterances being audible today is scouted by the majority who have never heard voices or seen visions. The psychologist, however, equally with the devout of all ages who know nothing of psychology, knows that "heard are the voices," not merely in Canaan of old, but this day and every day where the soul is open on the Godward side. Joan of Arc and St. Teresa are but two of the more conspicuous of those the course of whose life has been determined by the promptings of an invisible monitor, apparently speaking to the soul through other avenues than those of the senses, and there is nothing incredible that Lady Henry Somerset should at the fateful moment of her career have heard a voice the echoes of which have been distinctly audible in her life ever since.

She was at Reigate Priory when it happened. Tradition asserts that it was at the Priory of Reigate, or rather in a cave on the estate communicating by a secret passage with the Priory on one side and

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

a neighbouring castle on the other, that a draft of the Magna Charta was drawn up which was afterwards imposed upon King John at Runnymede.

It was here that Lady Henry Somerset lived in comparative retreat, devoting much care to bringing up her boy. She read much and thought more. When the great catastrophe of her life overtook her she plunged still more deeply into theological or anti-theological speculation. Strauss, Renan, and other writers of that school exercised a powerful influence over her mind. The old landmarks seemed to be dissolving away into the mist of myth. Lady Henry was in the Valley of the Shadow, not of Death, but of Doubt; in the midst of a grey dimness that overclouded the sun and left all the old landmarks indistinct, and shadowy, and unreal.

Lady Henry was still "in the

swim" of society. She was, as she had always been, a woman of fashion and of the world. But, as she declared long afterwards, "I can say that, though I was long in society, and had enough to do to keep my head above water, and though I was a woman of the world, I have never been a worldly woman. I never saw the day that I would not gladly have left parks and palaces for fields and woods." It was therefore not a violent change so much as a sudden and well-defined stage in the process of spiritual evolution that was marked by the voice under the elm.

Luther heard the fateful voice which changed his life as he was toiling on his knees up the sacred stairs at Rome. Lady Henry was seated under the shade of an elm-tree one summer afternoon, thinking once more of the old insoluble enigma, "Was He? Was He not? If He was not, from whence came I? If He is, what am I, and what am I doing with my life?" As she sat at the foot of the elm-tree, meditating, she heard a voice, not with her bodily ear, but in the inner depths of her soul. And the voice said: "Act as if I were, and thou shalt know I am!"

Lady Henry was somewhat startled. The voice came from no visible speaker. She heard it plainly and unmistakably. What did it mean? From whence did it come? She repeated it over in her mind. "Act as if I were, and thou shalt know I am."

The more she repeated it the more she was impressed with the wisdom of the counsel. Agitated and somewhat thrilled by the strange monition, she rose from the foot of the elm-tree and began to walk to and fro up and down a *parterre* of lovely roses, which filled the summer air with fragrance. And ever as she walked there gleamed before her a far-off welcome hope of peace and confidence, and the assured presence of Christ.

That night Lady Henry retired early to her room, and read through the Gospel according to St. John. As she read chapter after chapter the light of hope grew clearer and brighter, until it became a radiance suffusing all the sky. And in the enthusiasm of her new-found hope she decided there and then to obey the Voice—to act, to the best of her ability, as if He were; and to trust that the promise might be fulfilled to her, and that He might reveal Himself to her in due season.

Next morning when she met her guests she told them simply but decidedly that she was going into retirement. She was leaving society for solitude if haply she might in privacy find peace and joy in believing. Her fashionable friends fell from her fast enough. She had no difficulty in dropping them. They dropped her. And then she betook herself to Eastnor with her boy to carry out her appointed plan. Lady Henry could nowhere have found a pleasanter or more secluded Patmos than that which welcomed her at Eastnor. The Castle is like a dream of old romance. Standing at the foot of the storied Malvern Hills, its stately towers rise high above the trees, the embodiment of strength and security, in the midst of all that is loveliest in nature.

It was to this delightful abode that Lady Henry retired to study and to think. For the most part of the years she spent here her Bible was her chief counsellor. She lived alone, educating her boy, adored by her domestics, but seeing few visitors; working out for herself, step by step, the duty to which she was called. What it was she knew not, nor could any one tell her. She was oppressed by a hideous sense of the wrongness of things. Sin and sorrow, vice and crime, marred the scene wherever

she turned. What could she do to mend it? Was it any good trying to do anything? It all seemed so hopeless. Who was she, indeed, that she could dare to hope to do anything? A deep, depressing sense of her own unworthiness and helplessness weighed her down. At times the burden seemed greater than she could bear. But out of that blackness of thick darkness she was delivered by the light that streamed from the sacred Book. His Word was a lamp to her feet and a light to her path. The passion of motherhood stayed by her and stayed her. Whatever else she was called or was not called to do, she was called to save the little lad who was growing up bright and slight by her side. Behind him lowered what curse of heredity; and between him and it what was there if she failed?

Lady Henry began by playing Lady Clara Vere de Vere among the poor at her gates. But being of a practical turn of mind she soon discovered that it was of little use dispensing charity unless you could build up character; and in building up character the first thing to be done was to prevent the perpetual undermining of character which was due to the drinking habits of society. She found intemperance everywhere the first foe with which she had to combat.

Lady Henry started a small temperance society in the village, and began to make proselytes for total abstinence. She practised what she preached, and became herself a total abstainer. From speaking to a few villagers, the transition was not difficult to addressing a public meeting. She held Bible readings in the kitchens of the farmers on her estate, and held mothers' meetings in the billiard-room of the Castle. People heard that her Bible readings were effective, and invited her here and there. At first no one took much notice of her speaking; and for some time little was known of her outside the immediate neighbourhood of Eastnor. Past events in her history had combined with certain natural tendencies to make her shy almost to pain.

Lady Henry persevered. Beginning with temperance, she gradually advanced. She began to discern more and more clearly that the whole moral movement was inextricably wrapped up with the cause of woman and the cause of labour. About this time she came across Miss Willard's touching tribute to her sister Mary, entitled "Nineteen Beautiful Years." "From that time on I was impressed with that personality that has meant so much to so many women. My first visit to America was as much to see and know Miss Willard as for any other purpose, and to understand from her the principle upon which she had worked the marvellous organization of which she has long been President." In the Willard household she found for the first time the realization of her ideal of Woman's Christian Temperance work.

Our American kinsfolk were the first to discover Lady Somerset's genius, capacity, and charm, and their recognition did much to pave the way for her success on her return. It was not merely that the greatest halls were crowded wherever she was announced to speak, and that the overflow of those unable to get in blocked the streets and stopped the tramcars; it was much more than that. She was welcomed to the hearts of the best people everywhere, and, most marvellous of all, the newspapers, from Maine to California, were uniformly civil. She made good use of her time. She attended Moody's School for Evangelists and studied still more closely at the feet of the President of the Woman's Chris-

tian Temperance Union, and served her apprenticeship in journalism as one of the editors of the *Union Signal.*

Miss Willard, although starting from the opposite extreme of politics, had arrived at pretty much the same conclusions as those to which Lady Henry had been driven. They were both broadly evangelical in their conception of Christianity. Both were enthusiastic total abstainers, putting temperance in this age only second to the Gospel. Both also were profoundly convinced that, while beginning with the Gospel, the work of social regeneration must be as comprehensive and many-sided as are the evils which they sought to combat; and both saw—what, indeed, it does not need a very profound perception to discover—that the approaching advent of woman in the political sphere affords the chief ground for hoping that the future times will be better than these.

The wider outlook over the whole world as the sphere of operation for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union naturally fascinated Lady Henry. She is a woman of an imperial mood, and she constantly marvels at the indifference with which Englishmen and Englishwomen regard the Empire which they have created. It is not surprising that Lady Henry came back from the United States with a determination to do what she could to help to federate the moral reform movement throughout the English-speaking world.

Lady Henry was elected President of the British Woman's Temperance Association in 1891. It would be a mistake, however, to regard Lady Henry solely from the point of view of the temperance reformer. She has been no less brave and true in other departments of moral reform. Lady Henry, although an ardent Liberal and temperance woman, did not hesitate to appear on the platform of the Tory candidate in the Forest of Dean, who was not only a Tory, but a brewer to boot, in order to protest against the scandal of Sir Charles Dilke's candidature. The scene was a memorable one—memorable alike for the brutal savagery of those who broke up the meeting and hunted Lady Henry to the station, stoning her carriage, and cursing her as she went, and for the calm courage and imperturbable self-possession with which she comported herself throughout.

But Lady Henry's life is not spent in public demonstrations, protests, and platform disputations. These things, after all, constitute but a fraction of her existence. She has made her seats at Eastnor and at Reigate into guest-houses for the recruiting of the weary and heavy-laden of every rank, but chiefly of the poorest. Hundreds of convalescents from the most squalid regions of London have found themselves, through her bounty, treated as the guests of a peeress in castle or in priory. At Reigate Lady Henry has long maintained a home of the otherwise unmanageable orphan girls, taking over often the ne'er-do-wells of the workhouse, and turning them out well-trained laundry-maids and domestic servants. Of her private benefactions it is impossible to speak. They are unobtrusive and silent, but constantly exercised within the range of her influence. Many there are who will rise up and call her blessed of whom the world has never heard and never will hear.

Lady Henry is not merely a Lady Bountiful; she is a woman eminently fitted to shine in society, charming in manner, widely read, keenly observant, with a great fund of humour. Her personal appearance, which has often caused her to be mistaken for Madame Patti, sug-

gests the existence of much dramatic talent the exercise of which is precluded by her position.

A few years ago Lady Henry and her cousin, the present Lady Dudley, in a spirit of fun, decided that they would try and see whether they could personate a couple of French *grandes dames* in such fashion as to deceive even the domestics of the Castle. The experiment was a complete success. Lady Henry and her young friend dressed themselves up as French ladies of distinction, and having left the Castle unknown to any one, returned as visitors, Lady Henry signing her name in the visitors' book as the "Duchesse de Montmorenci," and her companion some equally fictitious name. They were received by the housekeeper, a trusted retainer of many years' standing, who showed them round in the ordinary way. Lady Henry wore a veil, carried a lorgnette, and talked French all the time. The housekeeper did not relish their way of making comments on what she showed them; but when they shrugged their shoulders and laughed when shown her ladyship's portrait, the good housekeeper could stand it no longer, and simply marched them quick step, without note or comment, through the remaining rooms.

Later in the day the good soul came to Lady Henry's boudoir to complain of the airs of these French visitors. "That Duchesse de Montmorenci," she exclaimed, "is a wretched cat," and then she expatiated with much emotion upon the satirical and unfeeling way in which she had scoffed at the curios and pictures, especially mentioning her irreverence before Lady Henry's portrait. When at last Lady Henry, hardly able to control her laughter, told the truth, the poor housekeeper was so nonplussed she collapsed into tears. Not even the half-sovereign left at the lodge for the housekeeper by the "Duchesse de Montmorenci" would console that faithful follower.

No one is less of an ascetic than Lady Henry in appearance or in fact. Few have more of the joys of life, and her laughter is as light and clear as the trill of a lark; but her face when in repose is apt to settle down into lines of exceeding sadness—for the secret source of which we have not far to seek.

Of the caste feeling which is so strong among many of her order Lady Henry has not a trace. She is more French than English in many respects; and this accounts for many things, including, among others, a gayness of manner and a lucidity of perception which is not the usual characteristic of the British matron.

Lady Henry writes well in prose and verse, and has made the most of the admirable opportunities of culture which came to her by her birth. Although her subscriptions to temperance and other causes have made her lawyer look aghast, until she rallied him into acquiescence by telling him that this was her mode of racing—an illustration the sporting turfite in time appreciated—she is constantly being levied on in a fashion that is enough to deter any person of title and of fortune from throwing in their lot with the cause of reform.

On one thing Lady Henry may, however, congratulate herself, and that is her son. Lady Henry has never neglected her duties as mother in the discharge of her more public functions. Her son, a fine, tall, manly young fellow, who combines the hunting genius of the Beauforts with the higher enthusiasm of his mother and her father, is as devoted to her as she is to him. He is a bright, clever, kindly, high-principled young Englishman. Without any passionate predilection for Latin and Greek,

young Somers has a shrewd wit, and a style which, if he finds time to cultivate it so that he may write as well as he talks, will give him a place in English letters.

The Duchess Adeline of Bedford, Lady Henry's sister, while a most gifted woman, an accomplished Greek scholar, and a remarkable writer, is a trifle too superior ever to do much in the leadership of a cause, although she has undoubtedly helped to mould the minds of women of her class to a truer view of their responsibilities. Where then shall we look for any one who has right of way before Lady Henry to the leading place ? Long ago, when Lord Shaftesbury died, every one went about anxiously asking where we were to find his successor. They said, "Lo here and lo there !" but no man was discovered who was worthy to wear his mantle. But now, after all these years, it seems as if his mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of a woman.

SKETCHES OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AT WINNIPEG.*

BY THE REV. S. D. CHOWN, D.D.

THE people of Winnipeg are nothing if not proud, confident, and buoyant. They are proud of the country tributary to their fair city, and well they may be; bewildering as it is in its vastness and incomprehensible in its resources. They are proud of their city, which has in a few years sprung from an obscure trading post into a commercial metropolis and a very considerable centre of social and industrial life. They have every confidence in the future. Not a note of pessimism is to be heard anywhere. They believe they are quite competent to settle every civic and national problem, and give stability and strength to a nation's life. And if any section of people have good ground for such confidence it is the people of the West. Men of power, women of grace, children of healthful beauty and winning intelligence greet you on every hand—ideal Canadians all. They are also a buoyant people. This may be partly due to their youthfulness, since it is said that ninety per cent. of the men of Winnipeg are under fifty years of age. Youth rises and rules in every line of civic and commercial life.

The General Conference quickly caught the spirit of the West. Think of a train-load of grave and reverent seniors making a round trip of three hundred and seventy-four miles to dine at Brandon, incidentally having glimpses of the wheat fields of Southern Manitoba thrown in. This outing was supplied through the munificence of Mr. J. T. Gordon, member for South Winnipeg in the Local Legislature, and was but one of many most enjoyable entertainments tendered to the Conference by their hospitable hosts. In all matters pertaining to the progressive work of the Church the Conference took decidedly advanced

* From advance sheets of Acta Victoriana.

positions; so advanced as to suggest that it might be dangerous to meet quadrennially in Winnipeg, lest the Church should outrun its strength, but certainly to meet there once in a dozen years would save the Church from the paralysis which comes from running in congenial ruts. Advancement was the key-note of the Conference. The recommendation of the Missionary Committee for the appointment of four new missionary superintendents, one for New Ontario, two for Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and one for British Columbia, and authorizing the General Board to increase the number of local superintendents as found necessary, carried the Conference by storm, and was one of the striking manifestations of the new energy which has come into the Church with the coming of a new century. The adoption of the plan was consummated in a dramatic moment, when the delegates rose and sang the doxology and then adjourned the session. It was the response of the Church's faith to the call of God to overtake the rising tide of immigration which is rolling in upon the plains of the West. The population of our territory west of the Great Lakes in 1897 increased by about eleven thousand, but this year the returns will show an increase of about seventy thousand. The thought of Christianizing the nation yet to be and holding it to the achievement of the highest Anglo-Saxon ideals was an inspiration the thrill of which no body of Christian men could possibly resist.

The election of a Secretary of Temperance and Moral Reform, whose duty it shall be to impress the ethics of the Gospel of Christ upon the life and work of the Church, was another decided step in advance of what has been, and aims at filling with moral inspiration the mighty spiritual impulses of our people. Limited space forbids comment upon the heartiness with which the Conference adopted the report of the Committee on Sociological questions, which was a ringing utterance claiming for the solutions of the vexatious social and industrial problems of our times the application of the highest and broadest conceptions of Christianity of which we are capable. The Conference was inspired with a spirit of Christian unity, and cordially endorsed a proposal to co-operate with other Christian Churches in order to avoid overlapping and the sinful waste of men and means in sparsely settled districts and smaller centres of our country. The whole proceedings of the Conference are a testimony to the younger ministers of our Church that they may use their brightest powers, and not outshine the ideals of progress which the fathers have set before them. None may feel himself cribbed, cabined, or confined who seeks to build his own character while working out the destinies of our beloved Methodism in this great land.

WHO ARE THE VICTORS?

Speak, History, who are the victors?
Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom this world called the victors,
Who won the success of a day?

The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans,
Who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates?
Pilate, or Christ?

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIELD.

LUPIN STREET, Rotherhithe, has never appealed to the fashionable slum visitor, not even in the days when slumming was in the height of favour among people of the upper class in search of a new sensation, and a newly-discovered slum was immediately overrun with fine lady and gentleman visitors. Indeed, there are grave doubts whether any of its inhabitants would not have felt much annoyed at such a name being given to the street wherein so many of them have spent their lives. Several of the courts and blind alleys leading out of it and ending abruptly in greasy fungus-clad walls—well, there could be no doubt about their being slums, but Lupin Street—why, Mrs. Salmon, the painter's wife, who lived at No. 7, was quite the lady, and her three daughters were as well dressed and well behaved as any Blackheath young ladies.

The peculiarity of Lupin Street was its mixture of respectable and decidedly disrespectable inhabitants. The houses, with an economy on the part of the builder that was painfully evident, were bounded sharply by the pavement: you stepped out of the front door on to the common pathway without even an intervening step. They were two-story houses, nominally of six rooms, though one of the said rooms was but an exaggerated cupboard with a copper in it, usually known among the population as the "wash'us." At the back each house was provided with a sort of gloomy bin which was dignified by the title of "the back-yard" and sometimes (by mild lunatics) as "the garden." It was really about ten feet square, with walls six feet high, and into it fell on most days a steady fine shower of "blacks," which made all washing hung out therein to dry to assume a speckled grayish colour that no amount of blue could ever overcome.

Yet in spite of the drawbacks incidental to living in such houses and in such a neighbourhood, of which more presently, there were to be found sprinkled up and down Lupin Street houses whose tenants would not be defeated in their never-ending warfare against dirt and gloom. Their windows were clean and whole, the curtains—cheap enough in all conscience—were always white. They must have been washed and dried indoors to keep them so. Some plants carefully attended, mostly geraniums and fuchsias, formed a bright background to the windows, and hid the interior from prying eyes, whose owners thought nothing, bless you, of stopping as they passed and flattening their noses against the panes. The front doors of these houses were always closed, and the threshold was as white as hearthstone (three irregular fragments a penny) lavishly applied every morning could make it. Inside those houses the same determined warfare was waged against grime and darkness. The threadbare carpets were neatly patched, the worn oil-cloth was kept as clean as soap and water could make it, and the children going to board-school always looked as nice as clean pinafores and well-brushed hair and clean boots could make them.

There were fifty-two houses in Lupin Street, and out of them all, ten were thus conspicuous by their cleanliness; the other forty-two were as slummy as possible. Windows begrimed with dirt, broken panes stuffed with mondescript rags, street doors always wide open, with a frowsy smell, as of unaired bedding and dirty cookery, issuing to join the anything but fresh breezes of the street. These tenants were a hard crowd, but indifferently honest—that is, there were no professional thieves among them. No, dirty and deplorable as the street undoubtedly was in its general aspect, its denizens were of the working class, albeit the majority of them worked far less than they loafed around the

"Jack o' Newbury" just around the corner. It was a semi-nautical neighbourhood. From the roofs of any of the houses the masts of the ships in the Surrey Commercial Docks might be seen, and a very short walk (if you knew your way) would bring you to the riverside, whence, unless you were an eager student of water-side squalor, you would lose no time in departing again.

The few respectable houses in the street were inhabited by men who had fairly regular employment: two riggers, two stevedores, two shipwrights, a sail-maker, a tug-boat skipper, a painter, and a sweep. And, strangely enough, this little company of hard-working people not only leavened the whole of Lupin Street and the courts adjacent by their practice of cleanliness, but they also supplied its religious flavour. The Salvation Army for some occult reason had never found favour in the eyes of Lupin Streeters. The Established Church and the Roman Catholic chapel, both buildings but a very short walk distant from the street, never found one of its inhabitants among their congregations, and the Rev. Andrew Mack, incumbent of the Established Church, put down Lupin Street as a black spot where religion was not, and the people loved to have it so. It formed a special item in a certain bishop's report concerning "Godless South London"—that report that was so fiercely resented by those of whom it was written as an evidence of the utter ignorance concerning the vast number of sincere worshippers outside of any of the orthodox folds.

But we must not get on too fast. Be it known, therefore, that in Wren Alley, a blind turning half-way down Lupin Street, there had at one time been a large cowshed and stable combined. That is, the building had once sheltered cows owned by an enterprising dairyman in the High Street, who made a great parade in his advertisements and big letters all over his shop windows of his vending only milk from his own cows. "Fresh milk from our own farm twice daily." The unhappy cows, shut up in that loathsome shed, where the light of day hardly penetrated, were kept in a state of semi-drunkenness by copious meals of brewers' grains, and the only time they smelt the fresh air was when they would no longer yield milk, and were exchanged for other hapless ones. At last the county council, with its usual meddlesome interference with an honest tradesman's efforts to get a livelihood, decided that the herding of cows under such conditions was filthy and unsanitary, and was, moreover, a direct nursery of typhoid and tuberculosis germs. So they ordered the dairy farm to be done away with entirely, while still allowing the stable to remain in use.

Now, Jemmy Maskery, the respectable sweep of Lupin Street, was not only a hard-working man, he was a preacher of righteousness, and a practiser thereof of no mean order. But being very poor, he and his fellow-worshippers had hitherto been driven to hold their Gospel services in the open air on a piece of waste ground near by, a sort of free and open discussion forum for all sorts of religious, irreligious, and social questions on a Sunday. Their own private worship had been conducted in Jemmy's little front parlour, wherein the dozen brethren and sisters composing the "church" could just manage to squeeze themselves with a good deal of discomfort. Not that discomfort ever daunted these earnest souls, being their normal physical condition; but still, being thoroughly practical people in their own small simple way, they were ready to avail themselves of any opportunity that presented itself of improving either their worldly or spiritual position if it could only be done in what they considered to be a Christian manner.

Therefore, when Jemmy heard that the quondam cowshed was going a-begging, so to speak, for a nominal rent (£15 a year), a bright idea took possession of him, and for the times being crowded out the few others that he usually entertained. It was nothing less than the acquirement of the cowshed as a "hall" wherein the brethren might not only hold their meetings for worship, but where they might gather in such as should be saved from among their open-air audiences. Where they might in winter, when the inclement weather forbade them from any lengthy holding forth on the common, announce to the world that the Gospel of the grace of God should be preached under cover.

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNING OF THE CAMPAIGN

Heedless of the fact that half a dozen indignant householders were awaiting him next morning to attend to their chimneys, Jemmy, with the clean face which he usually presented on Sundays and evenings only, was abnormally busy hunting up the brethren and sisters wherever they might be found. It took some little time when he did find them to infect them with his own enthusiasm on the subject of a hall, for they were all, like himself, obliged to look at both sides of a penny before spending it, and as for binding themselves to make periodical payments, well, they just shuddered at the idea. But Jemmy, trained in a school where it was accounted the last extremity of folly to take "No" for an answer, was not thus to be choked off his pet idea.

Flushed with success, he had not noted the time—what was time in comparison with eternity, that roseate never-ending future to which he and all his co-workers looked with a longing only heightened each day by the hopelessness of their present surroundings? He strode towards his home, murmuring softly to himself: "They shall mount up on wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

So rapt was he that a heavy hand smiting him on the back brought him down to common things with quite a jerk, and he heard, uncomprehendingly at first, a cheery voice saying: "What cheer, Jemmy, old man? How's things?" A bearded, stalwart man of about thirty-five, with a fine flavour of briny freshness about him was standing by his side with outstretched hand and a merry twinkle in his dark eyes. Knowing Jemmy of old, he was not surprised at the dull, just-awakened look on the worthy sweep's face. It quickly gave place to a wide smile of glad recognition as he said:

"Why, Saul! you're actually home again, glory be to God!"

"Amen!" said the seafarer reverently, "th' Lord's giv' me another look at the ole show an' I tell ye I am glad to be here. But how is it y' ain't at work?"

Jemmy hooked his arm into Saul's and knotting his ten grimy fingers over it, burst out into his absorbing theme—the conversion of the cowshed into a sanctuary. Saul listened intently, and as soon as Jemmy paused for breath he burst in with:

"Why, that's what I call a great scheme! I'm in it, an' don't you forget it. Looky here," and disengaging himself with a jerk from Jemmy's hampering arm, he lugged out a little canvas bag, the contents of which jingled musically. "Paid off this mornin', see, Jemmy, 'n here's my thank-offerin'." With which words he counted out five sovereigns into Jemmy's hand.

"Bless the Lord, bless the Lord!" was all Jemmy could say, while the big tears rolled down from beneath his reddened eyelids.

"There, there; don' take on so 'bout a little thing like that," murmured Saul shamefacedly; "why, wot is it 'longside o' wot I've saved since I found the Lord in your front parlour? Don't say no more about it; makes me feel 'shamed o' myself fur doin' so little. But where y' goin' now?"

"I wuz just a-goin' 'ome w'en you stopped me," answered Jemmy, "fur I'd been out all the mornin' stirrin' up th' church on this bizness, 'n I thought I wuz filled right up with joy, but you comin' on me like you did an' doin' wot you 'ave done—well, I c'd just dance like David did afore the ark; my cup's a-runnin' over. But come along home 'n have some brekfuss 'long o' me. I ain't 'ad none yet."

"All right, Jemmy, I'll come, but I don' want no brekfuss. I had mine an hour ago," said Saul. "How's the missus, an' the fam'ly?"

"Oh, grand, grand, brother—that is, they are now. We've 'ad a goodish bit o' illness since you ben away—w'y it must be twelve months and more—and I 'ad the wife in 'orspital fur a couple o' months, an'—but there, God's been very good to me—we've never wanted fur nothin'—our bred's ben give us, an' our water's ben shore. 'Ad to be, y' know; there's th' promise, ain't it?"

But the last words brought the pair to Jemmy's door with its spotless semicircle of white hearthstone described on the pavement from door-post to door-post. Over the lintel protruded despondently the sign of Jemmy's profession — a cylinder-headed brush.

The door stood wide open, revealing a dim passage—quite dark, in fact, against the hot glare of morning sun

that was ruthlessly exposing all the unloveliness of Lupin Street. Carefully stepping over the whitened patch, Jemmy and his visitor entered, but their feet were stayed on the mat. Midway of the short passage stood Mrs. Maskery, a plain-looking woman, shapeless of figure, but spotlessly clean to the last observable detail of her poor dress. Her sallow face bore an expression that boded no good for some one, and as she got full view of her husband she lifted up her voice, the long-pent-up torrent descending upon him in a perfect Niagara of bitter words.

"You lazy, worthless scoundrel, you, loafin' about at yer fr'en's' 'ouses all this day w'ile yer work's a-goin' beggin' fur Jones or Wilkins ter pick up. Yore a beauty, you are! Call yourself a Christian leader of a misshun an' gaddin' about to other people's 'ouses ('at don't want you at this 'our of the day, remember that) an' neglectin' yer family. You a-doin' God's work (with infinite scorn)! doin' the devil's work, more likely. I know 'oo's work yore a-doin'—yore a-drivin' me down t' 'ell as fast as ever ye can. If it wasn't fur the good children I've borne yer an brought up for ye, too, little as ye think it, we sh'd all starve. I carn't do more'n I do keepin' th' 'ome clean, but I'm very near 'avin' enough of it, so I tell yer."

She paused for breath, and Jemmy, seizing his chance, said, as gaily as if she had welcomed him with benedictions :

"W'y looky 'ere, ole dear, 'ere's Saul Andrews come t' see yer. On'y seems like larst week 'e went away, does it. Don't bother about any brekfuss fur me, I don't feel as if I could eat any this mornin', an' "—but by this time Mrs. Maskery had recovered her breath, and turning from her conciliatory husband to Saul, took him into her confidence.

"I ain't a-goin' ter say as I'm sorry, Saul, fur givin' 'im a bit o' my mind, although I'm vexed at upsettin' you. But I asks you, as a honest man, if a feller like that isn't enough to drive a pore woman inter the 'sylum. Every 'apenny 'e brought me last week wuz fourteen an' tuppence, an' the rent's nine shillin's, an' there's nine of us t' feed. I can't go out t' work an' 'e'll 'ardly do a thing now but mooch about, jorin' about wot 'e calls Christerhanity, an' I calls downright loafin' 'ypocrisy."

She concluded her harangue by looking appealingly at Saul for confirmation of her views, at the same time handing him in after her drooping husband to the front parlour. That sanctuary was clean as labour could make it, and as exquisitely uncomfortable as an utter absence of all ideas about making a room habitable could effect. Over the mantelpiece hung two perfectly atrocious libels upon Jemmy and his wife—oil paintings, if you please—representing that worthy pair as two beings of an imbecility beyond description, but the choicest treasures of the household.

But to Jemmy that room was a sacred apartment, to be entered only with a sense of Sunday upon one. Upon week-days it was never used except for a meeting on Thursday evening or when Jemmy, with the last vestige of soot scalded off himself, and a spotless white shirt on, came in and sat solemnly down to the table to make certain entries concerning the funds of the church within a black-covered two-penny memorandum book. And that, being in the worthy sweep's eyes a sacred function, did not in the least alter the tabernacle-like character of his best parlour.

Having shown her guest in, Mrs. Maskery said with a significant toss of the head : "You'll 'ave t' excuse me, Saul, I can't afford t' eat idle bread, if 'e can ; an' 'sides, there's the boys' dinner t' get.—An' don't you forgit," turning fiercely to her husband, "'at there's three orders in, an' you ain't tended t' one of 'em. You know what it'll be, don't ye? Wilkins, roun' in Jude Street, 'll go in an' do 'em all, an' there's three more reg'lar customers gone slap." And with this parting salute she flung out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

"An' now, Saul," said Jemmy, as if in continuation of a conversation that had only just been momentarily interrupted, "you know how, afore you went away to the Heast Hinjies this voy'ge, we was alwus a-strivin' with the Lord ter let us git inter a temple of our own, where we could arsk in the sinners out er the rain an' the cold. Well, some o' the brethring do seem to 'ave grown lukewarm in this matter, but I ben a-believin' for it, an', praise the Lord, it's almost

come." At the last word his voice rose ecstatically, but suddenly remembering how near to him was his energetic better half, he dropped his head upon his hand, and said, solemnly, almost wearily :

" Saul, my son in the faith, I know how you love the Lord's work, and also His peepul ; how ever since you found Him at our open-air you've ben our joy an' crown. I ain't got no fear but wot you'll 'elp us all you know 'ow w'ile you're 'ome. But we must pray in faith nothin' doubtin', as well as do all He shows us ter do. Let's 'ave a word o' pray'r now."

And without further preamble Jemmy dropped from his chair to his knees, followed immediately by the sailor, and thus raised his petition :

" Ho Gord hour Farther, Thou knowest 'ow our 'earts is set on 'avin' a place where we can come apart an' rest a while ; Thou knowest 'ow 'ard it is in our little 'omes to 'ave the quiet wusshup we wants, the separatin' of ourselves to Thee for the breakin' of bread. An' Thou knowest, too, Lord, 'at we ain't got no place to bring the people in outer the 'ighways an' 'edges as Thou 'ast kermanded. But we do believe—yes, Lord, I believe—glory be to Thy 'oly name, I feels shore 'at You're agoin' ter give us a place for to wusshup hin. Let it be soon, ho Gord, let it be soon ! We don't care wot it corsts us—all we've got ('tain't much, Thou knowest, Lord), all we've got an all we are is Thine.

" Bless our brother 'ere 'oo You've brort 'ome to us agen over the mighty hoshun in 'ealth an' stren'th an' love of Thee. Bless 'im, ho Lord, an' make 'im a pillar in Thy 'ouse as well as a strengthener an' cheerer-up of us all. Ho Farther, 'ear us an' arnser us spederly, fer Jeesus Christe's sake. Amen."

Saul, according to well-established precedent, waited silently for a moment or two after his hearty echo of Jemmy's " Amen," and then in his turn lifted up his voice :

" Dear Friend and Father God : I thank You with all my soul for bringin' me to life. I was dead, an' worse than dead, because I was walkin' about doin' harm to everybody I come in contact with. An' You, through Your dear Son, put out Your hand an' touched me as You did the leper. You brought me to life, You made me clean, You give me a healthy appetite, an' now I only live by the life You've give me. All I am an' all I've got is Yours. My brother Jemmy here 'as a heavy load laid on him, but You know its weight to a hounce an' You'll see that it's carried right to the journey's end. Stir up all of us who know an' love him to do our bit, an' what we can't do we know You'll make up. Grant him the desire of 'is 'eart, a little' ouse where we shall be at 'ome with You and shut out from the hard world. Tell him that it's all right, that You ain't likely to let Your work suffer from want of anything, an' let us see great things. Do, Father, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

CHAPTER III.

BREASTING THE TIDE.

The pair rose from their knees with faces aglow as men who know, with a knowledge that is proof against argument, that God is, and is the rewarder of those who diligently seek Him. Jemmy furtively wiped away a tear with the back of his grimy hand, being, like all men who live in permanent communication with the Fountain of Love, of a very tender heart. But they had hardly returned to the heavy realities of every-day life when Mrs. Maskery's voice was heard in the passage volubly exchanging words with some caller. Suddenly she burst into the room with countenance aflame, almost hissing : " You lazy, wuthless beast, 'ere's Mrs. Williams 'as sent 'roun' t' say 'at they've ben a-waitin' fer ye ever sence six o'clock this mornin' without a bit o' fire an' all the place in a huproar. An' you—an' you go prancin' aroun' on religious business. I know a tex' about him as won't work neither sh'll he eat, but 'tain't you as has t' go without ; many a good feed you gets as we knows nothin' about, w'ile we're a-heatin' stale bread an' drippin' at 'ome 'ere, or a-suckin' our fingers like the bears. Now, are ye goin' or ain't ye ? Wot shall I tell the little gal Williams ?"

" Course I'll go at once," cried Jemmy, making a grab at his cap as he sprang to his feet, but his wife, interposing her sinewy arm, said, scornfully: "Yes, but not in them close, ye great fathead. It's easy to see 'at you don't do the washin' and 'at you get the only decent close ye have got give ye. Go an' change 'em an' move yerself. I'll tell the gel you'll be roun' there in ten minutes."

Meekly Jemmy retired upstairs, and

Saul, intensely amused in a quiet way, resigned himself to a further exposition by Mrs. Maskery of the iniquities of her husband. Yet after she had "run on" for a few minutes, she suddenly seemed smitten with a sense of having done her meek spouse an injustice, for leaning forward toward the listener, she said: "Ye know, Saul, if he has got aggravatin' ways, and I'd like to know who dare say he hasn't, he's a good man. I'm sure I try him enough with my tongue, for I haven't got a bit o' patience with moony people that's got so full of the next world that they forgets to do their own flesh and blood justice in this. But when I'm laid by, and feels ready to fret myself to death with the way things is goin' on without me to manage 'em, it does put new life into me to see his happy face, as nothing seems to darken for more than a minute or two at a time 'ceptin' the sut 'e gets on it w'ile 'e's at work. An' I feel so wicked fur naggin' him as I do, that I'm fit to break my 'eart."

And a few big tears rolled silently down Mrs. Maskery's care-worn cheeks. Wiping them away with her apron, and by a strong effort subduing the working of that rebellious mouth, she said as she sprang to her feet: "There 'e goes," and rushing out into the passage as he passed along it she called loudly: "An' don't forget the Simmons' chimbley after you're done the Williams'. I 'spects, though, they've got tired o' waitin' for ye by this time, if they haven't had Wilkins in ter do it."

But the few last words were lost upon Jemmy, who was half-way up Lupin Street at his peculiar shuffling trot. He was a quaint yet pathetic figure when equipped for work. On his left shoulder he bore his bundle of brass-ended canes, which, screwed into each other, enabled him to reach the summit of any chimney in the neighbourhood; in his left hand he grasped a few fibres of the circular-headed brush made of whalebone that he screwed on to the uppermost joint of his extending machine, and under the same arm he carried a soot-sack and a hand broom. In his right hand he bore a wide, flat, short-handled shovel. Yet in spite of this queer decoration, in spite of his generally disreputable appearance, there were few passers-by who did not give him salutation and receive in exchange his cheery good-day, for Jemmy was without doubt the best-known character in the neighbourhood. As he was wont to say in the open-air meeting: "Bless th' Lawd, who puts 'is children in a place w'ere they feels they dassent go wrong. W'y ef I was to do anythin' I oughtn't ter, wouldn't all the naybourhood know it 'fore the next mornin'? Corse they wood!"

He was undoubtedly right. The fierce light that beats upon a throne is privacy itself compared with the blaze of publicity in which such a man as Jemmy Maskery lives and moves. When a man or woman comes boldly out as a witness for God and His truth in slum London, every action of their lives immediately becomes a matter of public interest, to be discussed with the most minute attention to detail at every street corner, on every doorstep, over every public-house bar; often with a wealth of lurid embellishment when those taking part in the discussion are what they are pleased to call "a bit on," otherwise more or less drunk.

But, leaving Jemmy for a moment, let us return to Saul and Mrs. Maskery. Her heart smote her severely when Saul remarked: "Poor ole man, 'e's gone 'ithout 'is breakfuss after all." Immediately, in self-justification, Mrs. Maskery's voice took on a razor-edge as she exclaimed: "Yuss, an' serve 'im jolly well right, too. Wot business 'as 'e t' expeck me to 'ave 'is meals on the table waitin' for 'im w'ile 'e's a-jarntin' roun' a-not mindin' 'is work? An' besides, Saul, t' tell y' th' truth, I 'adn't got anythin' t' give 'im but a bit o' dry bread. I told 'im t' see if 'e couldn't borry a shillin' this mornin' so's I c'd git somethin' for the boys' dinner w'en they come in, but of corse 'e went an' forgot all about it. An' unless I go an' make a shillin' on somethin'" (pawn some article) "them pore little chaps'll 'ave t' go 'ungry."

Immediately Saul's sympathetic hand sought his trousers pocket for his little bag. Extracting a sovereign, he laid it on the table, saying: "'Ere, ole friend, don't ever want a meal w'ile I've got a shillin' 'r else you an' me'll fall out. I'd no idea you was bein' pushed like this. I arsked Jemmy how you was all a-gettin' on, an' he spoke that cheerful like, that I thought things was A 1, although I guessed you'd a-had a pretty tough time of it."

"Yuss, thet's jest like 'im," replied Mrs. Maskery. "T' 'ear 'im

tork, anybody 'd think 'at there never was no want of nothink in this 'ere house, as if he 'ad heggs an' bacon for brekfuss every morning an' fried sossiges for supper every night. But I think the men 'er all alike. If they earns a shillin' or two an' brings it 'ome they expex it t' larst a year, an' they're quite grieved w'en a pore woman comes an' arsks of 'em for some more. 'E don't earn fifteen shillin' a week on a haveridge, an' the rent's nine, an' there's six on us ain't bringin' in anythink, although if you arskes me I should say as I earns the mossel o' food I eats as hardly as any livin' soul in Hengland. We sh'd starve if it warn't fur the boys' money as they gives up cheerful, 'ardly keepin' enough out of it to buy decent close for 'emselves. An' all 'e does is to moan an' groan 'at they won't none of 'em come to 'is meetin'. I ain't got no patience with 'im, that I ain't."

"Well," said Saul, rising, "I got ter be on the move. I've a-kep' you talkin' quite long enough, but don't you forget to let your ole frien' know when there's a southerly wind in the bread-barge" (when the cupboard is getting empty). "If I was to give ye all I earn I couldn't ever pay back wot I owe Jemmy. You don't see it in the same light as I do, of course, but I can't forget that it was a-lissnin' to him a-preachin' the Word that set me free from the dreadful misery I was in. God bless 'im an' you an' the kids an' the mission! 'Tain't much t' help with a little money w'en I feel as if I could die for 'em. So long fur th' present," and with a hearty hand-shake Saul passed out of the little parlour and set his face dockward.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DAILY ROUND.

Meanwhile Jemmy had reached his destination, a house in a somewhat superior street, whose tenants were a little inclined to patronize Jemmy from the height of a steady income of two guineas a week. They were chapel people—Baptists—whose proud consciousness of the feat they had performed, and were daily performing, of living respectably, paying their way, and holding their own socially with people pecuniarily far above them, did perhaps as much to nerve them for the incessant struggle as the religion that they professed. Naturally, and very properly too, Mrs. Williams was a great stickler for punctuality. So when Jemmy, panting with his haste, appeared at her door, she met him with a countenance expressive of the most severe displeasure. Ostentatiously rubbing his decrepit shoes upon the door-mat until the soles of his feet burned again, he said hurriedly, "Good-mornin', Misses Willyums, thenkyer, mum, kindly. I 'ardly know 'ow t' erpollergize fur my frightful bad memory. I clean forgot all about your order, I did indeed. Ye see——" But lifting a warning hand, Mrs. Williams froze the rushing torrent of his eloquence by saying: "That will do, Mr. Maskery. Now that you are here, p'r'aps you'll be good enough to get the work done as soon as possible. It will take me all day to catch up with my work, owing to the way you have served me this morning."

Meekly, almost cringingly, Jemmy replied: "Yessum, cert'ny, mum," following with bowed head as she led the way into the living-room, where all had been ready for his operations since six o'clock that morning. Down went his bundle of canes on the bare boards with a crash. Hastily unfolding from his bag a tattered square of some mysterious material, Jemmy made the time-honoured request for a couple of forks wherewith to pin it up to the cornice of the mantelpiece in order that the descending soot from the chimney should not fly about the room. As the good woman watched him at work and groaned over the task of cleansing her furniture that he was piling up for her, she felt a pull at her heart-strings. He was so poor. As he knelt, she, standing behind him, saw his bare toes wriggling through his dilapidated boot soles, noted how scantily his body filled out his poor garments, and, woman-like, felt constrained to do something for what she felt to be his urgent bodily need. So she left him to pursue his grimy vocation while she ransacked her tiny larder, and, stirring up the fire, made ready a steaming cup of thick cocoa.

By the time his shilling was earned she had prepared a substantial meal, and meeting him in the passage as he was about to deposit his begrimed paraphernalia outside in the gutter, she said with a benevolent smile: "Won't you have a mouthful of

lunch, Mr. Maskery? It's all ready for you." Now, Jemmy had long passed the stage of false pride; besides, his yearning stomach was reminding him importunately that since his supper of a "pennorth an' 'aporth" (a pennyworth of fried fish and a half-pennyworth of fried potatoes) the previous evening, his healthy appetite had remained unsolaced. So gratefully but eagerly he attacked the food, murmuring his thanks meanwhile, along with such scraps of information about his pet project as came uppermost to his mind. To Mrs. Williams his story was almost unintelligible. The idea of a mere hungry sweep concerning himself about the building of a sanctuary for the gathering together of the Lord's people, along with such as should be saved, while his own affairs were in such condition that he was evidently hard put to it to obtain food for his family and himself, pointed to such a topsy-turvy condition of things as was bewildering. Yet dimly and afar off, as it were, she could not help realizing that she was in the presence of a rare and beautiful soul, shining superior to its hampering, disfiguring environment. In some non-expressible way she was aware that here was one of God's chosen ones, possessed of the faith that removes mountains and bridges oceans, the faith that refuses to recognize any hindrance to God's work but sin among His own people.

It had been in her mind to read him a small lesson upon minding his own business better, to reprove him gently for his forgetfulness of mundane affairs, but somehow the worldly-wise remarks would not come, and when, his hunger satisfied, he lay back in his chair, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, and told her of how great things the Lord had done for him, she was so moved that, forgetting her own household duties, she listened spell-bound. And she could not help contrasting his over-bubbling fervour with the sleek pomposity of certain deacons whom she knew, greatly to their disadvantage.

At last, with a sudden start, he sprang to his feet, saying as he did so: "Please fergive me, Misses Willyums, fur hindrin' ye from yer work. My head's so gallus thick I k'n only think o' one thing at a time, an' I'm so full of this here business that everythink else's got ter take a back seat. The Lord bless ye, mum, an' pay ye a thousan' times fur yer kindness——" Her uplifted hand stayed his thanks until she produced half-a-crown from her purse, saying: "There, Jemmy, there's my mite toward your mission hall. It's all I can afford, but I give it with a good heart, and I hope the Lord will accept it as an offering made in sincerity." Big tears started from Jemmy's eyes, making queer patches upon his sooty face as he dashed them away, and in a voice broken with emotion he cried: "Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Good-bye, sister, good-bye. He'll reward ye, I know." Without another word he made a dash for the door, and was gone, his heart a nest of singing birds.

He was half-way down the street before the long-suffering Simmonses were recalled to his mind, making him feel guilty and downcast. At his best speed he made for the house, reaching it just as the master thereof arrived from the dry-dock, where he was employed, for his dinner. Mrs. Simmons opened the door immediately, having observed her husband's approach from the window, and seeing Jemmy standing there, burst out with: "Well, what d' you want, please?" Jemmy opened his mouth, but if he did say anything his words were inaudible in consequence of the heavy squall of vituperation that burst upon him. For Mrs. Simmons, though a kind-hearted woman enough, had an incisive tongue and a hot temper behind it—two qualifications of which she now gave Jemmy the full benefit. In a few minutes she had ruthlessly laid bare all his sins of omission and had wound up by saying: "An' don't you think you'll ever get another order from me. I wouldn't have ye muckin' my place up was it ever so—in fac' I only had y' at all out o' charity t' yer poor wife and kids. Now run away an' play with your toys, y' great baby, an' don't you ever come near this 'ouse agen."

Poor Jemmy stood under this verbal douche like a man in a dream, his usually ready tongue stricken dumb for the time. But the slamming of the door in his face remarshalled his dazed senses, and he turned his face homeward. He had only reached the corner of the street, however, when a boy rushed up to him shouting, "O Mr. Maskery, our chimbley's afire. I was just a-running t' yore house. Come along, mother's in such a way." Off they rushed, and in less than five

minutes arrived at the house, where the poor woman, half distracted by the presence of a gaping crowd outside watching the thick volumes of yellow smoke, tinged with red, that was pouring out of the chimney, and in deadly terror lest the roaring she could hear was the fire spreading from the soot in the chimney to the building itself, was in a pitiable condition. Dashing at once into a state of violent activity, Jemmy flew from room to room, closing registers, until he climbed out upon the roof, and, almost stifled by the dense smoke, succeeded in binding a sack tightly over the top of the offending chimney, thus effectually staying the progress of the fire, much to the dissatisfaction of the ragamuffins outside, who seemed to consider that they had been cheated out of a spectacle which was their right.

Descending to the kitchen, scorched, choking, and weary, Jemmy found the mistress of the house almost in a state of collapse, and at once set about the congenial task of comforting her. Here he shone. In a very short time her cheerfulness had returned, and she was filled with thankfulness at the thought that her son had been able to get help so opportunely. But when she timidly asked Jemmy how much she was in his debt, he, with a quick appreciation of the circumstances, said seriously: "Well, Mrs. Fitch, the reg'lar price fur puttin' out a chimbley is arf-a-suvrin', but bless yer 'art, if I was to go hinsistin' on my rights alwus, I sh'd feel more unworthy of all the Lord's blessin's than I do. Wot can y' afford?"

"O Mr. Maskery, I'm ashamed t' tell you that I've only got eighteen-pence in the 'ouse, but if you could wait till Friday night, w'en my 'usband gets 'is wages, I'll pay y' arf-a-crown an' be very thankful. I can't pay any more than that, fur 'e's only earnin' twenty-five shillin's a week now, an' there's five of us in fambly."

"Looky 'ere, Misses Fitch, don't you worry about that, you pay me w'en you can. I shan't lose nothin', I know. Why, bless y'r 'art, that's what the Lord does with me hevery day of my life. I'm alwus a-gettin' in his debt. I'm alwus 'avin' nothin' to pay 'im with, I'm alwus a-feelin' as if I wus just a wuthless, loafin' rascal, but in spite of all that he's alwus a-makin' me so 'appy I c'd darnce for joy. Now are y' shore you're all right, cawse if y' are I'll get along 'ome. Yes; well, good afternoon, an' Gawd bless yer." And shouldering his impedimenta, Jemmy resumed his peculiar shuffling trot, heading straight for Lupin Street.

When he reached his home, he was overjoyed to find waiting at his door a big van, the appearance of which told him at once that a most welcome replenishment of his exchequer was at hand. It was the waggon of a soot merchant come to carry Jemmy's accumulation to the country. And although, as Jemmy mournfully said, "Sut ain't wot it useter be, I mind w'en they was glad ter give yer five and six shillin' a sack for it, an' now they thinks they're a-doin' y'r a faviour if they gives y' a shillin' a sack," yet knowing that he had ten sacks stored in his back yard, and that the money was always forthcoming on the spot, he felt constrained to utter again, with great fervour, the melodious words that were, perhaps, more frequently on his lips than any other: "Praise the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever."

NOW.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The past is past beyond recall
By bitterest regret;
The future, neither tears nor prayers
Can give to us as yet.

Only the present time is ours,
To use for good or ill;
But it to either may be turned,
As we may either will.

Then cease we vainly to bemoan
Errors of days gone by;
Nor fret lest we again shall err
In those before that lie.

Both past and future leave with God,
Since neither is our care,
While we make sure this hour shall fruit
To life eternal bear.

Toronto.

ONLY A MILL HAND.

BY MRS. BERNARD BRAITHWAITE.

HE was only a mill-girl. Every morning, before the lady of leisure had opened her eyes, Mary put on her clogs, pinned her shawl neatly under her chin, and joined the throng of hard-working men and women as they streamed from all quarters of the town to their daily toil.

He was a "hand" in the same factory. He had begun on the lowest rung of the ladder, with a firm, set purpose to reach the top. For this he let no obstacle stand in his path, nor did he lay his head upon his pillow at night until he was assured that he had gained ground, some step, however small, towards his final object. Day by day the love-light grew stronger in Mary's soft eyes. They were so full of love, indeed, that they did not see the hard, sordid greed which was gradually supplanting everything else in Tom's heart but this one great ambition. All the savings that Mary could scrape out of her hardly earned wages were laid aside for that cottage which was to be her castle, because it would be this.

After long years of hard toil and patient waiting, Tom got his heart's desire, and he became a master. On that same day he told Mary that it must all be at an end between them now; it would never do for a master to marry a mill-girl. So they parted.

Mary still went to the mill, but her step grew heavy, her eyes were no longer bright. Tom married a lady born, and went to live in a big house full of beautiful things. The best families in the neighbourhood called upon the new wife, carefully overlooking the fact that her husband was only a man of the people, who would have been unknown to them but for his acquisition of wealth and the status brought him by his marriage, both a sequence of success. Year by year earth's sweetest flowers came to dwell in the big house, and filled it with sound and laughter, and everything that Tom touched seemed to turn to gold.

In the meantime Mary grew old and prematurely gray. She led a quiet, silent life, of which no one knew much. People thought Mary's love had turned to bitterness, and they said it was a pity she had set such store on Tom.

To the ordinary passer-by it does not appear that there could be anything romantic in a factory-worker, trudging mechanically to and fro each day, monotonously taking up the same routine of work week in, week out.

For a time Mary's companions gave her an observation which they called sympathy; but when it deepened into curiosity, as, alas! it so often does, the wounded spirit closed within itself and shut the door.

In the cold dawn of winter, or the first dewy freshness of a summer day, Mary passed the big house on her way to work, when the blinds were closely drawn on its sleeping inmates, and no stir of life was about the place. But in the evening, when with tired feet she made her journey home, she always avoided the main road, choosing, rather, a round-about route across the fields, which led far enough away from the big house.

So time passed on, and all the best things of life seemed to fall to Tom's lot.

One morning the mill-hand, a girl no longer, turned out to her daily toil, perhaps, a little wearier than usual. A stir seemed in the air, even at that early hour of the morning, and she noticed knots of men and women talking in groups with earnest faces.

Mary drew near them.

"Weel, lass, an' hast thee no word aboot t' maiters? This is a fair bad job, Mary."

"What is the matter?" she asked faintly, a fear of evil tidings seizing her.

"Whya, lass, yar maister is stricken wi' deedly smallpox, thee knows, an' no one is wi' t' poor mon but th' ould doctor. His missus wi' her bonny face an' all her brass is reet fleyed, an' she's gone an' ta'en t' bairns wi' her an' all. What dost think on't, lass? Mayhappen as yon Tom 'ud ha' doon weel t' stick to thee, Mary. Sitthe, never mate above thee, wench. Thee sees what comes o't."

"Don't, don't!" cried the heroine in clogs and shawl, stifling the pain

caused by a rough touch on an open wound. "He were right, were Tom. He were alway meant to be a gentleman."

The mill whistles blew for half-past five, and the crowd streamed in to the factory; but Mary left the ranks, and, unnoticed, retraced her footsteps. By and by, with a steady pulse and calm voice, she stood by Tom's bedside.

"Mary, this is a terrible risk for you to run," remonstrated the old doctor, who had known the girl from babyhood, and suspected something of what lay beneath the surface of her humdrum life. "There will be a nurse in a few hours. Pray, consider your own danger."

It was useless to waste words. The old man looked and marvelled at the little shrivelled-up woman, old before her time, as she moved about the room with gentle tread and touch, soothing the unconscious patient with untiring care.

By nightfall the nurse from an adjacent town arrived, and Mary, unheeded, unthanked, slipped away.

Some years after I visited this bustling little Yorkshire village, perched on the hillside, where Mary's story is still told, I made my way to the one quiet spot in all the place—God's acre.

There I found the garrulous old sexton, who spent an hour from a leisurely life in relating to me some of the human tragedies of those now lying with feet toward the dawn. Among others, he pointed out a grave where, he explained, not without a touch of pride, the only victim to the smallpox epidemic of four years ago was buried.

A beautiful white cross of purest marble marked the place where Mary lay.

"This is a beautiful stone, sexton," I remarked, still musing upon the tale which had awakened love memories in my own heart. "I thought you said Mary was only a mill-girl? How, then, comes this exquisite piece of sculpture?"

The old man lowered his voice to a whisper, as we do in a chamber of death, and, suddenly, as if the thought crossed him that the place whereon he stood was holy ground, he removed his slouch hat and stood bareheaded by my side.

"Him as she set such store on put this 'ere up, sir, an' he put them words on an' all."

Thus I read, with eyes that moistened strangely, some words I had seen in an ancient manuscript, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."
—Christian Miscellany.

LIBRARIES AS EDUCATORS.

Mr. Carnegie has been extending the field of his beneficence to Canada. He has offered $100,000 for public libraries for Ottawa and Winnipeg, and smaller sums for libraries elsewhere. He tells us why he specially selects this form of benefaction. It is in memory of the passionate enjoyment and great benefit he received from the use of a meagre library when a 'prentice boy. Mr. Carnegie does not pauperize the recipients of his bounty; he expects them to supplement his gift by permanent maintenance or administration of the libraries so created.

Few forms of beneficence not distinctly religious can be more helpful. The true university nowadays, says Carlyle, is a collection of books. It may inspire some village Hampden or some mute inglorious Milton to heroic achievements or to the creation of some world masterpiece. Especially in a scientific and manufacturing age like this is such a library needful. The best books and periodicals are expensive. Few workingmen can afford to own them, but a good working library will make them, so far as books can, the peers of the college graduate.

God's best gift to any country is its bright minds, and as there are ten times as many working men as there are of a leisured class, we may expect there are ten times as many such priceless gifts which would go to waste but for the inspiration, power and knowledge given by contact with the greatest minds in the best books. It was in this connection that Gray wrote:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Another benefit of the library of good books is that it will keep out the deluge of trashy, poor, or pernicious books that flood the country. There are half a dozen publishing houses in New York that

issue a book a day and the edition sometimes runs into hundreds of thousands. These, with scarce an exception, are poor and trashy books. The circulation of this rubbish far surpasses that of good books. A bookseller in Boston—in Boston, mind you—says: "We sell five times as many ten-cent novels as we do of those at a dollar." Such stuff every decent public library excludes. It is true that a large proportion of the reading is of fiction, ranging, as reported from twenty American libraries, from 33 per cent. in Milwaukee to 83 per cent. in Salem—in Salem, the home of the Puritans. But it is the better class of fiction, and many who begin with fiction are led in time to better books. Dr. Holmes says that the foolishest book is like a leaky boat at sea of wisdom—some sense will leak in anyhow.

The champion novelist of America, although a man unknown to literary fame, is Mr. Prentiss Ingraham. His "output" of novels beats the record. In twenty-seven years he has written 707 novels, averaging 65,000 words each, that is about one every fortnight. This seems almost incredible, but it is only about 5,400 words a day which could easily be done if one don't mix much brains with the work. One of these reached a sale of nearly half a million. It is needless to say that these are dime novels. What a crime to unload such a lot of rubbish on humanity.

The public library in Boston, one of the largest, most sumptuously housed and best equipped in the world has a very high standard for books. Many of the most popular books, like Marie Corelli's and Ouida's, and even others of much higher grade, are excluded. A committee of intelligent women shut out everything that is immoral, in bad taste and bad style. Our own Toronto library excludes Ouida's works and other books of the same character. This is no real privation, because the number of good books is so great that there are enough of higher grade to meet every reasonable need.

But beside the public library the country needs free travelling libraries. In the United States these exist in thirty different States and are multiplying rapidly. There are now nearly 3,000 in circulation. They are put up in cases of a hundred volumes or more, sent to rural regions and remote school-houses. Last year the State Library of Albany alone sent out six hundred travelling libraries. They are an unspeakable boon in the isolation and loneliness of sparsely-settled parts of the country, in mining and lumbering camps, on bleak prairies, in far-off fishing villages, and on the frontiers of civilization. They give solace in solitude, comfort in sickness, and instruction to lowly toilers. They brighten dull lives and often furnish the needed inspiration which shall make a dull clod brighten into beauty and life.

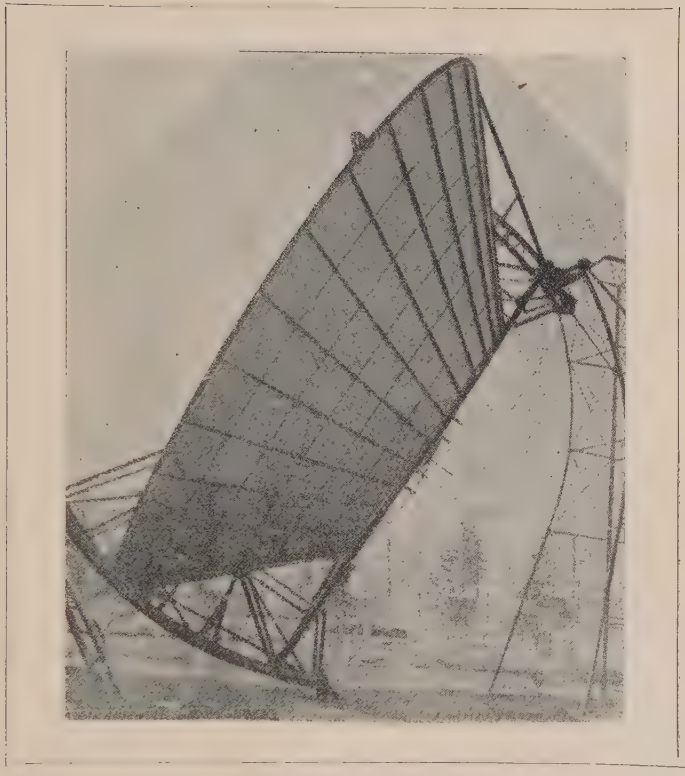
Intelligent and sympathetic librarians —and most of the modern librarians are such—take a pleasure in guiding the reading of the young and inexperienced by putting up bulletins of the best books and constituting themselves encyclopedias of reference to the inquiring mind. Few college professors can be so useful in moulding and guiding as an intelligent librarian. An important thing is to learn to use a great library as one would use a dictionary or an encyclopedia. Poole's Index and other works are a great aid to finding the treasures in literature, but nothing will take the place of the living and sympathetic librarian.

The Ontario Government is moving in this matter this year and placing in the estimates a small sum for establishing such travelling libraries among the lumber camps. (Minnesota pays $5,000 a year and Maine $2,500.) But this is only a beginning. Every province should do the same till not a lonely hamlet or remote school-house shall be without its collection of good books. Our Sunday-school libraries are the greatest agency in the country for circulating literature, but their influence might be enhanced and their standard elevated by the co-operation of the people and the intelligent sympathy of the librarian.

We think our public schools, especially in the country, might be used with great advantage for library purposes. Over thirty years ago, under the administration of that great Canadian, Egerton Ryerson, father of our public school system, the schools were so used. In remote country districts we found small collections of good books and used them to great advantage. Why could not such a collection be found in every school section? The school-teacher could with little trouble take the oversight of the library, recommend and distribute books, help to form the taste of the scholars, and keep the homes in touch with the great world of literature and with the constant output of new books. School trustees, we judge, would readily vote needful grants. Libraries might be exchanged at small cost and access to good books brought within the reach of every home. Few things would be more educative, it might be a "university extension movement" brought to every man's door.

THE SOLAR SLAVE.

BY E. H. RYDALL.



THE SOLAR MOTOR.

For the last twenty-five years mechanical engineers have been engaged in experimenting with machines whereby the rays of the sun can be utilized for the purposes of furnishing power to commerce. To-day, in California, is a machine, now on exhibition at the Pasadena Ostrich Farm, that all day long is pumping water from the earth and illustrating the object of its existence to thousands who know only too well the need for such a contrivance in the arid regions of the west of the United States. Our illustration gives a very accurate idea of the invention.

Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, wrote in The Century Magazine some sixteen years ago :

"Future ages may see the seat of empire transferred to regions of the earth now barren and desolated under intense solar heat—countries in which, from that very cause, will not improbably become the seat of mechanical and thence political power. Whoever finds the way to make industrially useful the vast sun-power now wasted on the deserts of North Africa, or the shores of the Red Sea, will effect a greater change in men's affairs than any conqueror in history has done ; for he will once more people those waste places with the life that swarmed there in the best days of Carthage and of old Egypt, but under another civilization, where man shall no longer worship the sun as a god, but shall have learned to make it his servant."

Many thousands of dollars have been

spent upon unsuccessful machines built to attain the end desired; and now a wealthy syndicate has possession of all the patents relating to the invention, and is prepared to carry forward the work of manufacture and publicity.

The Solar Motor is set in meridian on two fixed supports, the axis being exactly north and south, while the machine turns east and west, following the sun. The reflector, composed of 1,788 mirrors, each 3½ by 24 inches in size, is 33 feet 6 inches in diameter on top, and 15 feet on the bottom; the weight of the entire contrivance is 83,000 pounds. In the centre is a tubular boiler, 13 feet 6 inches in length, holding one hundred gallons of water, and yet leaving eight feet of space for steam. The boiler is made of steel, covered with absorbent material. Steam is conducted from this elevated boiler to an engine on the ground, in the vicinity, by a flexible phosphor-bronze pipe, entirely metallic; this pipe is attached to the top of the boiler. The hot, steady, persistent California sun that shines throughout the year, glares down upon the 1,788 mirrors, and its rays are reflected upon the tubular boiler in the centre. This causes such heat that it is possible to obtain one hundred and fifty pounds of steam pressure in one hour from cold water. A youth, by simply turning a crank, can place the machine in position, for there is an indicator showing when the true focus is obtained. This done, the machine follows the sun all day, catching its direct rays and turning like the hands of a common clock. The engine is automatic, and self-oiling; the boiler is supplied with water automatically, and maintained in proper quantity; steam pressure is controlled by a safety valve.

The machine works just as well in winter as in summer, if the sun is shining; cold makes not the slightest difference, but, of course, as the days in summer are longer than those in winter, more work can be done at that time by the machine. All day, every day—from about an hour and a half after sunrise to half an hour before sundown—this tireless heat-concentrator supplies power to the community for the various useful purposes of man. This power can be stored in the form of electric batteries, if not required immediately. As an illustration of conserved power, it may be stated that the 36,000-horse-power engines of the Boston Electric Light Company are shut down at six o'clock every evening, and the plant then operated from storage batteries.

This illustrative model at the Ostrich Farm develops ten horse-power and lifts water at the rate of 1,400 gallons a minute from an underground tank twelve feet deep; this is equivalent to 155 miner's inches, the usual way of measuring water in California. It is entirely feasible to create a much stronger power by grouping several of these circular contrivances around a central engine.

The heat at the top of the boiler, furthest away from the radiating mirrors, is 7,000 degrees, while that at the bottom of the boiler, induced by mirrors at a closer distance, is 2,500 degrees. The lampblack covering of the boiler is one of the most useful and important devices in the whole apparatus, for the reason that should, from any unforeseen cause, the boiler become partially exhausted, so great is the reflected heat that immediately the lampblack would be burnt off, followed by the natural consequences of reflection and the protection of the boiler.

An order has already been placed with the Company for a tandem solar motor of 125 horse-power for use in California. Two motors have been ordered by mining companies in Arizona, one of 250 and the other 500 horse-power.—Farmer's Advocate.

The reaper Winter cometh on apace,
And gleaneth all the wealth of goldenrod,
And parsley wild of timid, peaceful face,—
Cutting the summer from the close-shorn sod.
The miser-wind plucks now the last pale leaf
From the poor bough that treasured it in hope;
The chilling mists unroll their purple folds,
Leaving the outcast through the wilds to grope,
Or fall beneath a silent, hopeless grief,
Gathered to ruin with the forsaken sheaf,
And all the wreckage of the blasted wolds.

—*John Stuart Thomson.*

G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

Mr. Morgan is now generally accredited as the successor to Dwight L. Moody. He asserts that he is not an evangelist, but is a Bible lecturer, engaged in Northfield Extension work. Undoubtedly he is not an evangelist in the sense that Mr. Moody was an evangelist. He is too intellectual and spiritual to move the vast audiences as Mr. Moody with his intensely human elements could move them. Still Mr. Morgan is to move the intellectual and spiritual leaders. In this work he occupies a unique place, as unique as his own personality. Picture to yourself a long and lank individual, over six feet tall, yet weighing less than 130 pounds, head long, high, narrow, topping a neck the slimness of which amazes you. Picture a face, large-boned, with Roman nose and compressed lips, written over with nervous energy and power. Hardly a greater contrast to the short and thickset, broad-shouldered and deep-chested Mr. Moody could be imagined.

A visitor at the New Court Church of London on some Saturday evening during the last two years of the pastorate of G. Campbell Morgan, would have come upon a novel meeting. Several hundred people would have been present, listening to an earnest but broken spiritual address by Mr. Morgan. He called it a "Conference on Christian Life and Service." Questions bearing on "Life and Service" were sent to the pastor at the beginning of the meeting, and many others were asked during its progress. One who attended these meetings and knew Mr. Morgan well, writes of him, that he was in the habit of answering these questions "with a sagacity and wisdom which is simply astonishing to his hearers. He seems to know his Bible from cover to cover, and knowing it he can use it. Most perplexing queries he deals with so promptly and satisfactorily that one is led to marvel at the resourcefulness of the man."

It has been my privilege to hear Mr. Morgan on several occasions, and to meet him personally. He is one of the few men you will never forget. It is not his mannerisms, for he has none that are not perfectly natural to himself, but it is the strong personality which impresses every one with whom he comes in contact. He speaks as one with authority, one who knows the ground on which he is treading, and familiar with all phases of the subject in hand.

In personal appearance Mr. Morgan is disappointing. Tall, thin, and pallid, he gives you the impression of the ascetic. But as he plunges into his discourse you realize that there stands before you a giant in intellect, one familiar not only with the Bible, man's soul, and the common people, but one who also knows what is happening in the world of literature and biblical scholarship, and who is a student of contemporary life in many of its broader aspects. He is not a mere bundle of nerves, for he has told us that he practised with Mr. Laurence Levy, the champion amateur dumb-bell lifter of England, until he was able to raise a pair of fifty-six pound dumb-bells above his head. He has played Rugby football, and, like all Englishmen, is fond of the various athletic sports. His favourite recreation at the present time is golf, and he is not afraid to use the bicycle for pleasure or outdoor excursions. In a word, he represents the type of a healthy, outdoor, common-sense, spiritual leader who has no private axe to grind, and who aims to live close to God and extend His king-

dom in every practical way. It was this which attracted Mr. Moody's attention, and led him several years ago to urge Mr. Morgan to accept the responsible position he now occupies as head of the Northfield Extension Movement.

The object of this movement is to hold conventions of a few days' duration for Christian people in the large centres of our land. The few who could hear the addresses at Northfield wanted them repeated nearer home, and it was to meet this need for higher spiritual training throughout the country that the extension movement was organized.

Mr. Morgan is peculiarly qualified to meet the inquiries of those in spiritual conflict. He can enter sympathetically into their difficulties, for he has been there before them. He has told us not only of how he was given to the Lord for service by his father and mother from his birth, but more than that, of the quagmires of doubt and waywardness through which he has passed. From 1879 to 1881 he was a backslider, a period of his life which he thus describes: "By speech and levity and denial sometimes I dishonoured my Master." Finally word as to his erring ways came to the church officials, and two church officers were assigned to deal with him faithfully. One of them, to quote Mr. Morgan, "took me back to Sinai, back to its laws, and tried to frighten me; and I turned my back on him, and all the church in my will rebellious." The other man came and found his way to his heart by his first question, which was, "Does your mother know?" In due time he capitulated, was led back to faith and service, and set out to preach in the villages on Sundays while studying during the week.

Also from 1884 to 1886 Mr. Morgan was in the dismal swamp of doubt, facing, as he says, "the spectres of my mind," and for a time he was without any belief. He emerged one day, when, after wandering into a Salvation Army meeting in London, a Cockney lassie was stating the doctrine of cleansing or exemption from sin. Mr. Morgan accepted it. "Deliverance," he says, "came from the darkness of doubt, through a new spiritual conception, a new vision of God as to His requirements in me and His provision for me."

Before becoming a pastor at Birmingham or London, during his pastorate at Rugby, he had an experience which has since dominated his career. He went home after a Sunday evening service tired and lonely. Suddenly, as if he heard a voice, the question came to him, "What are you going to be, a preacher or my messenger?" It led to heart searching, to a review of his ministry there, to his sermon just preached, which had won converts, and he discovered, to quote his own words, that "subtly as you like—most awful in its subtlety—there was creeping into my ministry and into my life the desire to be a preacher, to be known as a preacher. There was no decision until light of morning broke through my study window. And do you know how the victory was won? It was won when, in the ashes still lingering, a flame was lit in my fire, and a bundle of sermons burned."

It is only after one has come forth from such experiences victorious that he can become a tower of strength for positive Christianity and proclaim the truth in the spirit and with the authority which characterized the apostles.—The Ram's Horn.

REST.

O weary hands that all the day
  Were set to labour hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
  The bells are rung for evensong;
An hour ago the golden sun
  Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary hands, your toil is done;
  'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile
  Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the trysting stile;
  No longer fear to go astray.
The gently-bending, rustling trees
  Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze,
  'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

O weary eyes! from which the tears
  Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary heart! that through the years
  Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
  And know what heaven shall send is best,
Lay down the tangled web of life;
  'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

Current Topics.

Jew Baiting.

The recent outbreak of Judenhetze, in Roumania, and the cruel persecution of the hapless people of Israel, despite the protest of Great Britain and America, is the latest chapter, but, we fear, not the last, in this age-long story of weeping and lamentation and woe.

"The special grievance of the Jews," the Vienna correspondent of the London Standard says, "is that they have been treated as baneful and despicable aliens at every step in their life, although many of them did service for Roumania on the field of battle. They live on sufferance; they must contribute to the cost of government like the Gentiles, yet they have not the rights even of gypsies. They are prevented from giving their children a proper education; they must screen themselves behind a Roumanian citizen if they wish to exercise any but the lowest calling, and there is no security for them."

The shameful outburst of hatred of the Jew at the funeral of their most revered rabbi in the city of New York reads like a page from the history of the Middle Ages. Fifty thousand of the Jews followed his funeral, eager to touch the bier on which his body lay. They were hooted, jeered, assaulted with stones and drenched with foul water in a manner akin to the anti-negro riots when so many lives were lost during the war, both of which are a lasting shame and disgrace to the city of New York.

What advantage then hath the Jew?

Yet the Jew, even under the heel of persecution, can proudly turn to the record of his race, to its beadroll of immortal names, to its lasting influence in the world. One of them sums up the creeds of Christendom in the words, "Half of it worships a Jew, the other half worships a Jewess." It was through this wonderful race that God spake unto the fathers by the prophets, by sage and seer, and in latter days by Jewish apostle and martyr. The people of Israel have very special claims upon the followers of Jesus—the consummate flower of the Jewish race. We thank God for the kindlier treatment accorded the Jew during the last and present century throughout English-speaking lands.

The history of God's chosen people Israel can never be a subject of indifference to the Christian mind. The indebtedness of Christendom to this race can never be computed nor repaid. Through it came chiefly the oracles of God to man. Through it came the institutions, the jurisprudence, the philosophy which largely mould the thought of all Christian nations to-day. Yet no race was ever repaid with blacker ingratitude for the benefits it conferred. The tale of its persecution by fire and faggot, by rack and dungeon, is one of the darkest pages in European history. Pillaged and plundered, scattered and peeled, branded and mutilated, smitten by every hand and execrated by every lip, the Jews seemed to bear in all its bitterness of woe the terrible curse invoked by their fathers, "His blood—the blood of the Innocent One—be upon us and our children." Trampled and beaten to the earth, decimated and slaughtered, they have yet, like the trodden grass that ranker grows, increased and multiplied in spite of their persecution. Those "Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind," exiled from the home of their fathers, and harried from land to land, have verily eaten the unleavened bread and bitter herbs of bondage, and drunken the waters of Marah. In many foreign lands they have sat beside strange streams and wept as they remembered Zion.

"They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

"All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with Marah of their tears.

"Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town from street to street;

At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned
by Christian feet.

"Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world
where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the
sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

"For in the background figures vague and
vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sub-
lime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

"And thus for ever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they
read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead."

What We Owe the Jews.

Yet in return for such persecution, the Jews conferred unspeakable benefits upon mankind. Great numbers of them came to Spain with the Saracens. They became at first, and, for a long time, the only physicians of Europe. They enriched the materia medica with discoveries of chemistry, in which they were expert.

The healing art was previously obscured and debased by magic, sorcery, and empiricism. The system of supernaturalism, which universally obtained, was first assailed by the practical science of the Jews. Their rationalistic diagnosis relieved disease of its spiritual terrors, and sapped the foundation of superstition in Europe, as Western science is at present doing in India, China, and Japan.

This, and their great wealth, made them the frequent victims of the Inquisition. Notwithstanding, some of them became the private physicians even to the Popes who persecuted their race. They taught in the Rabbinical schools of Italy, Sicily, and France, as well as in Spain. Persecution and travel sharpened their naturally acute intellects, so that they early gained control of the greater part of the commerce of Europe. It has been truly said, "They were our factors and bankers before we knew how to read." The Spanish religious wars drove many from that country, and dispersed them through Europe, to which they gave an intellectual impulse which it feels to this day.

Jewish Influence.

Jewish influence also contributed to mediaeval thought a tingle of Oriental mysticism. The subtle cabalistic philosophy intoxicated some of the noblest minds of Europe. The wild and fantastic theories of Paracelsus and the Rosicrucians, of Cornelius Agrippa and Jacob Behmen, concerning the various orders of elementary spirits, emanations from the deity—a mixture of fanaticism and imposture—were also founded upon the reveries of the cabala. That theophanic system, in its turn, was linked with the venerable Oriental lore of ancient sages on the banks of the Ganges and Oxus.

The influence of Hebrew thought and of the Eastern imagery and language of the Sacred Scriptures upon the Christian system of theology opens up a vast and varied field of investigation. It might be found that many of our common and controlling thoughts have their roots far back in remote Oriental antiquity. Assuredly it would appear that that Syrian faith, which began first to be preached at Jerusalem, has been more potent in its influence on the heart and mind of Christendom than all the lore of Greece or Rome, or than all the combined wisdom of the Orient and Occident besides. It has been the great seminal principle from which has sprung all that is best in all the literature and philosophies, in all the systems of ethics and jurisprudence, in all the political and social economies of the world since its promulgation. It has ennobled, dignified, and elevated them all. It is the hope, and the only hope, for the regeneration of the race.

Our Debt to the Jew.

The Methodist Social Union, at Boston, made a new departure in its recent banquet. Among its guests were six distinguished Jewish rabbis or citizens. On the menu was printed the twenty-third psalm in Hebrew. The synagogue choir sang in a profoundly impressive manner Hebrew psalms to the old Hebrew music. Rabbi Fleischer, enumerating the benefits conferred by the Jews, said, "The conception of God as a spiritual being, present everywhere, is a gift of the Jews. Jesus, or Christ, who taught us to live grandly, is a gift of the Jews. The Bible, whether we regard it as a literal Word of God or as the world's greatest collection of re-

ligious inspirations, is from the Jews. The Church also in its various branches; the practical conception of ethics, as known by those New Testament Jews, the Puritans; the Sabbath; the dream of universal peace and good-will; the dream of universal brotherhood—these all come from the Jew. The Jews should be judged by their best—Moses, Isaiah, Jesus—and not by their poorest. The Jews have remained separate because of a more or less prevalent idea of a peculiar purpose of God for them. Thus they have become most cordially disliked." In referring to the hatred displayed toward the Jews, he said, "It was a great pity that the finest story of mankind, the crucifixion, should be so told as to raise a feeling of prejudice against those who are fellow kindred with this Christ, who is justly considered the Master. Let me ask that those of you who tell this story, tell it in such a way as not to cause hatred against a people who are guiltless. We, the Jews of to-day, did not do this deed. I believe that the time will come when the non-Jew will not bear hatred against the Jew, and the Jew will not bear hatred against the non-Jew; when these prejudices and masked biases that are so ugly and lowering to our social condition will no longer exist, and we shall all come at last to practise the brotherhood that has so long been preached."

The Coal War.

The cruel coal war at the time we write continues its embittered strife. We travelled through the heart of the coal belt with Mr. Mitchell, who is regarded as a popular hero, leading on the forlorn hope of the oppressed miners. In the meantime, the industries of a continent are paralyzed, and suffering and want stare millions in the face. Small wonder that the oppression that drives a wise man mad should drive to violence and anarchy the poor ignorant Slavs and Polacks, fighting, as they think, for bread for their wives and children, and grimly grit their teeth and declare it is war to the death. The coal barons display equal obstinacy, and with equal selfishness declare "there is nothing to arbitrate."

"Nothing to Arbitrate."

The children may shiver when north winds blow,
"There's nothing to arbitrate."
The babies may cry when the fire's low;
"There's nothing to arbitrate.
Let the stoves be cold when the snow drifts high,
Let the Frost King bite as he hurries by,
Let the mothers weep as their loved ones die—
"There's nothing to arbitrate."

There are men whose faces are sad and wan,
"But there's nothing to arbitrate."
There are breasts from which hope has for ever gone,
"But there's nothing to arbitrate;"
The ones who are turning the humble away
May have to appeal themselves some day—
Will the Master then turn unto them and say:
"There's nothing to arbitrate"?

It was pitiful to see the great anthracite region, normally humming like a hive with industry, now smitten as with death—the great coal breakers and mining machinery all silent, miles of empty coal cars standing idle on the track, dilapidation and ruin menacing once prosperous mining towns.

We have received from the Ethological Association of Canada a letter setting forth its noble objects—one of the most earnest and high-souled announcements of purpose we have ever read. This is in brief "to use every means by which Canada may be raised to a position of moral sovereignty among the peoples of the earth." It sets forth loftiest ideals, and summons every true Canadian to high and holy living. This appeal will be widely circulated, and we commend it to the heartfelt sympathy of every Canadian patriot.

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

—*Shakespeare.*

Religious Intelligence.

The General Conference.

In the closing week of its sessions the General Conference made another advance missionary movement. It was decided to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of that great man who was the founder of Methodist missions and of Methodism itself by a special missionary offering of at last $250,000. This, in addition to the other missionary givings of the year, will make an aggregate of $600,000 from a membership of less than 300,000. Advantage will also be taken of the Wesley bicentenary to unite with world-wide Methodism in emphasizing the great primal facts in the history of our Church and their spiritual significance.

While loyal to the traditions of its own Church, Canadian Methodism cherishes the spirit of broadest fraternity and co-operation with other Churches. Of this striking illustration was given in the overtures for organic union with the second largest Protestant denomination in the Dominion, the Presbyterian Church, and also with the Congregational Church, so allied in doctrine and Christian sympathies. The Conference looks to even broader union than this, and declared itself "in favour of a measure of organic unity wide enough to embrace all the evangelical denominations in Canada." But inasmuch as the problem of unification of the three denominations above named appears to present much less difficulty, since their relations are already marked by so great a degree of spiritual unity, and they have already become closely assimilated in standards and ideals of church life, forms of worship and ecclesiastical polity, and since the conditions of the country demand the most careful economy of resources, both in men and money, in order to overtake the religious needs of the people pouring into the new settlements, the Conference deemed the time ripe for a definite and practical movement towards union with the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches. It therefore appointed a large and influential committee to negotiate with the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in order to formulate a basis of union. It commended the project to the prayerful interest and sympathy of the Methodist Church in the devout and earnest hope that if this organic union can be achieved it may be accompanied with great blessing to the Church and the nation, and redound to the glory of God.

This proposition is almost startling in its scope and far-reaching possibilities, but it was adopted by the Conference with practical unanimity, only two or three delegates voting against it. This is the first time anything so comprehensive has ever been suggested in this or possibly any other country.

In the meantime, friendly arrangements are being made with the chief rival, or rather ally, of Methodism in Canada, the Presbyterian Church, for so delimiting their respective fields of labour as to prevent their overlapping and consequent waste of energy.

A happy coincidence with this resolution was the exchange of fraternal greetings with both the sister churches referred to. The Rev. Dr. Bryce, representative of the Presbyterian Church and Moderator of its General Assembly, is a man more of the physical aspect type of the traditional John Bull than of the canny Scot. Referring to his greetings, the General Superintendent, Dr. Carman, said any of our churches would give him a license as a Methodist exhorter. The Presbyterian College in Winnipeg has two professors, one Patrick and the other Kilpatrick, but the latter is not nearly so sanguinary a man as his name would imply. He expressed the fervent hope for the closer union of their kindred Churches, not only in the foreign field, but in the great work which confronted them in the Dominion. The Rev. C. W. Gordon, better known as "Ralph Connor," the world famous author of "The Sky Pilot," and "The Man from Glengarry," of tall and slender physique, gave a quaint address. He had not once, he said, heard the word wheat mentioned in the Conference. This was at once a surprise and relief. The danger of the Northwest was not

agnosticism, but materialism. When a man gets filled up with wheat, not even the hope of heaven will get anything else into his head and heart. The Congregational Church was represented by the Revs. D. S. Hamilton and J. B. Silcox. Both of these gentlemen expressed a strong hope for the union of the Churches so near akin in doctrine and purpose.

The spirit of union is in the air. Our native Japanese delegate, a gentleman of small physique but with broad sympatheties and master of an eloquent English style, pleaded fervently for a union of the American and Canadian Methodist Churches in Japan, and the larger employment of a native pastorate. The Christianization of that country and China could not be accomplished by a foreign agency. The Japanese themselves, by their knowledge of the language and sympathy with the spirit and institutions of both these Oriental empires, would be in the providence of God the chief agents in their evangelization. The union of the theological colleges of these Churches in Japan has been sanctioned, and the recent union of all the Methodist publishing interests in China is a prophecy of still wider co-operation.

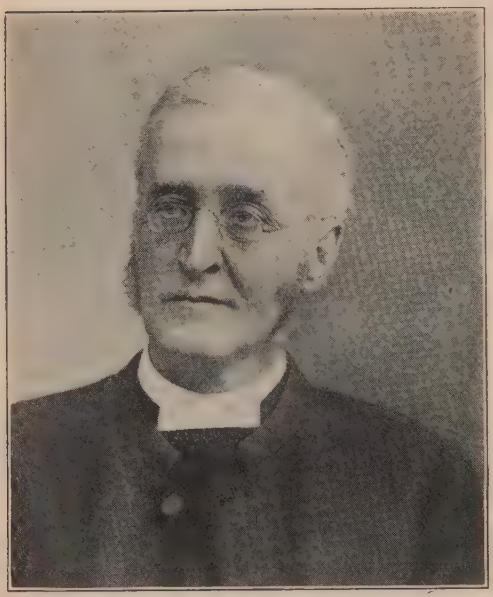
Nothing was perhaps more significant than the attitude of the Church towards the ethics and economics of the labour question. It affirmed "the duty of those who are possessed of wealth to use it for the making of manhood, and not to use manhood primarily for the purpose of increasing wealth." It urged that "all legitimate endeavour should be made to secure to every worker a living wage, that constant and vigilant effort should be made to reduce the hours of labour and secure such sanitary conditions as will as far as possible make work a pleasure, while affording leisure for recreation and for social and religious development." It strongly urged also the advisability of some form of industrial partnership or profit sharing, and the assumption by the civil government of the control of public utilities and the development of public resources. Concerning speculation, the report said, "While recognizing that stock and produce exchanges have their place and legitimate use in the financial and commercial fabric, the rush of people into blind speculation is detrimental to moral safety, mental quiet, and true efficiency in life. In this connection," it added, "all stock monopolization and capitalization which have a tendency to mislead investors cannot be too severely condemned." Dr. Potts urged strongly the adoption of compulsory arbitration, the system which prevails in New Zealand, where it has proved a preventive of the strikes and lock-outs which in Great Britain and America have so often paralyzed the industries of the continent.

THE REV. WALFORD GREEN, D.D.

The guidance and grace of God were specially felt during the whole of the General Conference. The pillar and cloud of fire still go before the Church.

"God of our fathers, be the God
Of each succeeding race."

The fraternal delegate from Great Britain was the Rev. Dr. Walford Green, a typical, sturdy John Bull, who is described as the richest Methodist preacher in the world. He is largely interested in the coal mines at Wednesbury, where John Wesley was mobbed one hundred and fifty years ago. The times have changed. Dr. Green is accompanied by his son, a slender, youthful-looking man, who



THE REV. PRINCIPAL CRAWFORD, M.A.

is a member of the British Parliament, and full of imperialistic sentiment, which has been developed in the Empire by the integration of its far-flung colonies. Not less eloquent than either is the Irish delegate, Principal Crawford, of the Wesleyan College, Dublin, a man who possessed in high degree his national characteristic of witty eloquence. Their addresses were of thrilling power and inspiration.

Temperance Secretary.

The cause of temperance was lifted up and dignified at the late General Conference as we believe it never was before. Methodism has always been strongly pronounced on total abstinence, but for the first time in its history one of its foremost men has been taken from one of its leading pulpits and made a General Conference Secretary of Temperance and Social Reform for the whole Church. Dr. Chown is a Canadian of the Canadians, a member, born in Kingston, 1853, of a family which has given many brilliant sons to Canadian Methodism. The way in which it strikes outsiders is shown in the following extract from The Liberator:

"The decision of the General Conference of the Methodist Church, to establish a distinct department of 'Temperance and Social Reform,' under the direction of a secretary who will give his whole time to the work, was the most striking and remarkable act of the quadrennial session. Little less remarkable was the selection of a pulpit prince like Dr. Chown, a man so sympathetic with advanced views of social reform, as the head of the department. It will take the Christian world of Canada some months to fully realize the significance of this step, but it announces that the impulses of applied Christianity, which demand the presentation of a larger Christ, are dominant in one Church organization at least, and that the new era is fairly ushered in, when the voice of the Church will proclaim Christ the rightful Master of Industry, Chief of Commerce, and Prince of Politics, as well as the Head of the Church; when the Church will no longer obscure the kingdom, but will stand for the extension of heaven among men. The Liberator hails with great satisfaction the step taken

THE REV. S. DWIGHT CHOWN, D.D.

by the Methodist Church, and rejoices in the selection of a secretary so qualified for real leadership. Dr. Chown is a king among men, a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, a profound thinker, a gifted orator, an advanced student of sociology, and a devoted lover of his fellows."

Since the issue of our last number, the Rev. John Maclean, Ph.D., has been elected by the General Conference Editor of The Wesleyan, in place of the Rev. George Bond, who will succeed Dr. Courtice, probably at the new year, on The Guardian.

Dr. Maclean's residence in the North-West has made him less familiar in central and eastern Canada than his merits deserve. His recent missionary tours, however, have won him thousands of warm friends. He is a sturdy Scot, born at Kilmarnock, 1851, educated at the Burgh Academy, Dumbarton. Coming to Canada in 1873 he immediately entered the ministry, and received from our own Victoria in due course the B.A. and M.A. degrees. He volunteered for the North-West missions in 1880, and was assigned to the reserve occupied by the Blood Indians near Macleod, Alta., among whom he spent nine years of devoted toil. He has since laboured at Moose Jaw, Neepawa, and Carman, has been chairman of his district, secretary and president of the Conference, a member of the North-West Board of Education, and of the Board of Examiners for Teachers.

THE REV. JOHN MACLEAN, PH.D.

He has made a special study of Indian languages and literature, and is described by competent authorities as "one of the best living authorities on the Indians of Canada." He is an active member of several scientific and archaeological societies, Canadian and American, and is even better know among the learned circles of the United States than his own country. He is the associate editor of The Antiquarian, of Chicago, correspondent of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, and of the British Association. He is the author of half a score of books on the Indians in the North-West, and of others of pronounced religious character, which have won wide reputation in both the Old World and the New. We predict for Dr. Maclean a brilliant reputation in his new field as Editor.

The Superintendents of Missions for Canada west of the lakes are those tried and true men, the Rev. James Allen, M.A., New Ontario; the Rev. Oliver Darwin, Manitoba; the Rev. T. C. Buchanan, Alberta; and the Rev. James H. White, British Columbia. Dr. Woodsworth is Corresponding Secretary. Under such efficient superintendents home missions in the North-West will be cared for as never before.

The Guardian will be published in the popular form, with smaller page, but double the number of the present issue, making a thirty-two page weekly. It will be otherwise greatly

PRINCIPAL CAVEN.

improved. This thirty-two page weekly, for the sum of $1, makes it, we think, the cheapest great religious weekly in the world. Marked improvements are contemplated in the other periodicals of our Church.

The Methodist Magazine begins with this issue a story of absorbing interest by one of the great writers of the day, which will continue for some months. While maintaining their due emphasis on missions, temperance, personal evangelism, illustrations of the lessons and the like, our Sunday-school periodicals will have strongly-written serials on "The Days of Wesley," commemorating his bicentenary, "The Circuit Rider," by the late Dr. Eggleston; "All He Knew," by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," and a serial story of Canadian Methodism by the Editor. We are sure that The Epworth Era, which has attained in the last quadrennium such a brilliant success, will continue to win new laurels.

THE REV. DR. CAVEN'S JUBILEE.

All the Christian churches will rejoice in the honours conferred upon the Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College, in commemoration of his long and faithful services to the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and to the college of which he has been so long principal. No man is more universally beloved. He strikingly fulfils to our mind the Scripture, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile." Dr. Caven is a man of broadest Christian sympathies. As delegate to the Toronto General Conference he pleaded strongly for Christian union. He has several times laid the readers of this magazine under obligation for his wise and thoughtful papers.

Toronto Methodism is exhibiting new strength and energy. For many years we have had a struggling church at the east end of the city, amid a congeries of poor streets, abounding with saloons for the beguilement of young men to their ruin. Here is being expended the generous sum of $23,000 in the erection of an institutional church with ample premises for church and Sunday-school work, a reading-room and gymnasium, as counter attractions to the saloon. The Social Union is giving generous help, the Sherbourne Street Church, we understand, bearing most of the burden; Mr. C. D. Massey, with characteristic generosity, contributes $10,000. This, we think, is a more Christly form of church extension than building a handsome church in a residential district.

Mrs. J. M. Thoburn, wife of Bishop Thoburn, died in Portland, Ore., Sept. 16, at the age of forty-six. Mrs. Thoburn has been a long and patient sufferer from the disease which she contracted in India as the loyal and successful helper of her husband in his great missionary work. The Bishop will receive the tender and prayerful sympathy of universal Methodism in his sore bereavement.—Zion's Herald.

The tidings is received, as we go to press, of the death of Sir John G. Bourinot, one of Canada's leading constitutional authorities, and a frequent and valued contributor to the columns of this magazine. Sir John, who was in his 65th year, had been ill for over five months, and died on October 13th. A more adequate notice will appear in our next issue.

Book Notices.

"The Rise and Development of Christian Architecture." By the Rev. Joseph Cullen Ayer, Jr., Ph.D., Lecturer in the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Folio, pp. 64.

This is one of the most instructive and interesting works on ecclesiastical architecture with which we are acquainted. Architecture is probably the oldest and most early developed of all arts, and is the most enduring and instructive. It may be defined as history crystallized into stone. The problems of construction in architecture vary with environment, with the conditions of climate, of light, heat, etc., the rain and snow of the north demanding higher pitched roofs and larger windows than the sunny climate of the south.

Our author traces the development of Christian architecture from the old basilicas of Rome and Ravenna through the Byzantine influence of St. Sophia and the Romanesque style illustrated in the cathedral of Pisa, in the Rhenish cathedrals of Spires, Worms, Mayence, and in the French and English Romanesque, where it efflouresces into the later Gothic styles.

Nowhere has Gothic architecture reached a grander development than in the old Rhine cities; and the two finest minsters in the world are, I think, those of Strassburg and Cologne. Beautiful without and within—they constitute a glorious poem, a grand epic, a sublime anthem in stone. Even the grandeur of St. Peter's wanes before the solemn awe which comes over the soul beneath those vast and shadowy vaults. The one represents the perfect triumph of human achievement; the other the deep religious yearning and the unsatisfied aspiration of the spirit; the one, the cold intellectual work of the Southern mind; the other, the awe and mystery and sublime emotions of the Northern soul. These clustering columns; these dim, forest-like vaults; these long-drawn aisles; the solemn gloom irradiated by glimpses of glory through the many-coloured robes of apostle and prophet, saint and angel, in the painted windows, so like the earthly shadows and the heavenly light of human life and history—these wake deep echoes in the soul, as no classic or renaissance architecture ever can.

This book is admirably illustrated with seventy-one illustrations; the large size of the page permits many to be of imposing character. The great chefs-d'oeuvre are presented in these pages with illuminating comment and criticism.

"Richardson's War of 1812." With notes and a life of the author. By Alexander Clark Casselman. Toronto: Historical Publishing Co. Pp. lviii-320. Price, $3 net, postpaid.

We are very glad to see from a new Canadian publishing company this initial volume of what, we trust, will be a series of valuable contributions to our native literature. Comparatively few persons are aware of the services rendered to that literature by Major John Richardson. His is a romantic story. His father was a surgeon in the Queen's Rangers, quartered at Queenston, where the future author was born, 1796, one of a family of fifteen. With patriotic zeal he flung himself into the war of 1812-15, when he was only sixteen years of age. He underwent many adventures during the war, was captured and confined in a noisome dungeon, and fettered with irons. On his release he rejoined his regiment. After the war he served in the West Indies and in Spain.

He is of special interest to Canadians, however, as one of the pioneers in its literary life. He was the author of no less than a dozen works, historical and fiction, some of which attained a third or fourth, and one a sixth, edition. Besides these was a poem on Tecumseh. Among his stories are "Wacousta: A Tale of the Canadas," "The Canadian Brothers," "Eight Years in Canada," "The Guards in Canada," "The Monk Knight of St. John," and the history of the war, which is here reprinted.

After several years' literary life in London, Major Richardson returned to

the land of his birth, and published "The New Era," at Brockville, Ontario. He died in his fifty-sixth year in New York City, where the place of his burial is unknown. Such is the brief history of a man in indefatigable industry and energy, and of marked ability, whose writings won great vogue in their day, but are now comparatively little known in Canada.

Mr. Casselman has employed praiseworthy research in his biography of Major Richardson and bibliography of his works. The publishers have done their part liberally in the handsome printing and illustration of this goodly volume. It has in all thirty-one illustrations—a five-page facsimile letter, maps, portraits, and half-tone reproductions of Canadian scenes at the time of the war. It is a contribution of much value to the history of our country. The book is well indexed. Every public library in the country at least, as well as many private ones, should possess a copy of this work.

"Ulysses." A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By Stephen Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company. Pp. 178.

A new poet of remarkable originality and force has appeared in the author of "Herod" and "Ulysses." In the one a great biblical theme is made vital and real, in the other an old classical story is interpreted into the language of modern life. In the prologue to "Ulysses" the scene is on Mount Olympus, where the old Greek gods are represented as a sort of wrangling family, whose jealousies Father Zeus has much trouble to suppress. Athene and Poseidon (Minerva and Neptune) pose as respectively the friend and enemy of the much-planning, far-wandering, crafty Ulysses. Zeus says:

"Peace, children, from your shrill reviling cease."

The old Greek idea of compelling Fate by Zeus is thus described:

"It is that power which rules us as with rods,
Lord above lords and god behind the gods;
Fate hath decreed Ulysses should abide
More toils and fiercer than all men beside."

The most impressive part of the poem is that describing the ordeal of Ulysses in the nether world, a weird and desolate region, haunted by ghosts, "a whist world, but for whirring as of wings." He sees the shades of Sisyphus, of Agamemnon, of Prometheus, of Tantalus, and "a great swirl of souls," enduring their never-ending punishment. The shadow of his mother gives him promise he shall reach his home again. After manifold adventures he reaches his native isle of Ithaca, flings himself upon the brown earth, and exclaims:

"I kiss and kiss thee: here I fling me down
And roll and clasp and cover me with thee!"

He finds his wife, the faithful Penelope, sorely bested by the rival suitors, but he circumvents them by his cunning craft and strength, and clasps again his long-tried Penelope.

This is an example of the high-class works in literature, issued by the George N. Morang Company, of Toronto, as representing the well-known Macmillan Company, of London and New York, a house that probably brings out more high-class books than any other in the world.

"Spanish Life in Town and Country." By L. Higgin. With chapters on Portuguese Life in Town and Country. By Eugene E. Street. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-325. Price, $1.20 net.

The admirable series on "Our European Neighbours," issued by this house, is prepared by writers well qualified by long residence, for their task. They are not the jejune gossip of chance tourists. Mrs. Higgin, for instance, has long lived in Spain, and knows it thoroughly; the book on Russia is by a secretary to the equerry of the Emperor, that on Italy is by a native of that country. The present volume contains a brief survey of the history of the Iberian Peninsula, and chapters on its social and religious life, the court, amusements, press, commerce, and agriculture, art, the drama, literature, etc.

Among the great disasters in the history of Spain was its expulsion of half a million of Moriscos, the most intelligent of its population; the influx of gold from the New World, which made honest labour a disgrace.

The Moorish irrigation was neglected, the country deforested, and much of it made a desert. The blackest crime, however, was the persecution of the Inquisition.

The writer has a genuine love for the Spaniards. Their chief trait is dignity. "Beneath the king all are equal," is their motto. Even the beggars almost patronize one. In refusing alms one says, "Pardon me, my brother," as one would do to a duke. Social receptions are very economical, the refreshments consisting chiefly of "any amount of tumblers of cold water."

Spain is the most Catholic country in Europe, but it has historically been remarkably independent of the papacy. It is also one of the most intensely religious, the devotion is reserved, however, chiefly to the Virgin Mary, the names of the Deity being invoked chiefly as oaths.

A popular saying is that if you strip a Spaniard of his virtue, the residuum will be a Portuguese. The account of that people goes far to justify the sarcasm. They are more ignorant, more bigoted, less moral than any other people of the Peninsula. If the saint of one's devotions will not grant one's prayers, it is a common thing to hang his image in a well till he comes to a better mind. Politeness is excessive. When an Englishman is first addressed as "Your most illustrious excellency," he is somewhat astonished; but he soon gets used to it, and accepts the title without turning a hair. Yet both Spaniard and Portuguese have exhibited much valour in war, and by their aid Britain broke the power of the despot of Europe.

"The Doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America," as contained in the Disciplines of said Church from 1788 to 1808. Compiled and edited with an historical introduction by John J. Tigert, D.D., LL.D. Author of "The Making of Methodism," etc. In two volumes. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xx-175, xiv-152. Price, in case, two volumes, 50 cents net; postage, 8 cents.

It is a striking illustration of the doctrinal unity and solidarity of Methodism that this book, issued from the official press of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is not compiled by one of its own ministers, but by a distinguished member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the editor of its bimonthly review. Dr. Tigert reprints here some important documents, among others one by John Wesley on the vexed question of predestination and reprobation, a treatise on baptism, and John Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection. Notwithstanding the many divisions on ground of polity in Methodism, there has been no division on the ground of doctrine. To this the experimental character of religion among "the people called Methodists," the universal manner in which that great bond of unity, its matchless hymnody, is sung, and the itinerancy of its preachers and teachers have strikingly contributed.

"Babel and Bible." A lecture on the Significance of Assyriological Research for Religion. Delivered before the German Emperor. By Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch. Translated from the German by Thomaš J. McCormack. Boards, pp. 66. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a reprint from the Open Court of a striking lecture by one of the greatest living authorities on the relations between the discoveries on the site of Babylon and Biblical Assyriology. This lecture created a profound sensation when delivered before the German Emperor. It gives in popular language, with eight illustrations, the best succinct account we know of the results of recent studies in Assyriology.

"The Fernley Lecture for 1901. Spiritual Religion: A Study of the Relation of Facts to Faith." London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Fernley Lectureship is accumulating literature that may be regarded as classic, and in years to come shall be looked back to as of very great value. Mr. Tasker occupies a worthy place in the ranks among the Fernley lecturers. His scientific discussion of "Spiritual Religion" is worthy of the attention of every student of this great theme. Our ministry and intelligent laity would do well to procure and carefully read this great treatise.—John Potts.

"Eternalism." A Theory of Infinite Justice. By Orlando J. Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-321. Price, $1.25.

The doctrine of metamorphosis has had a strange fascination for the Oriental mind, and for a few Occidental writers; but we regard it as visionary in the extreme, and almost unthinkable. There seems to us to be a logical necessity for a beginning of things. We may refer back this goodly frame, the earth, and all that it inherits, to a primeval fire-mist or nebula. But that does not solve the question, it only removes the origin indefinitely backward. Whence came this fire-mist? The great First Cause of all things is absolutely necessary. The very first words of God's revelation to mankind meet this logical need of the soul, "IN THE BEGINNING God created the heavens and the earth." After entering this protest we may agree that this book is a stimulating argument for the pre-existence of the soul. It is written in a clear, vigorous style, and supports its case by scientific evidence as well as abstract reasoning. Creation and Annihilation, the author maintains, are alike unknown to science, and our own idea of Infinite Justice can be satisfied by nothing less than the theory, here presented, of reincarnation.

"The Creation-Story of Genesis I." A Sumerian Theogony and Cosmogony. By Dr. Hugo Radau. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-70.

This is another special contribution to Assyriology, more technical and scholastic than Dr. Delitzsch's. It gives critical translations and comments upon the Babylonian account of the creation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"An Onlooker's Note-book." By the author of Collections and Recollections." New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-310. Price, $2.25 net.

This is a book of such importance that it is reserved for full notice.

"An Exposition of the Epistle of Paul to the Romans." By William G. Williams, LL.D., late Professor of Greek in the Ohio Wesleyan University. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 394. Price, $2.00.

This is a book of such importance that we have placed it in the hands of Dr. Burwash, himself the author of one of the commentaries on Romans, for an adequate notice.

"New France and New England." By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiii-378. Price, $1.65 net.

"Urbs Beata. A Vision of the Perfect Life." By H. C. Tolman, Ph.D., D.D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, Vanderbilt University. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 87. Price, 75 cents net.

"Lux Christi, An Outline Study of India, A Twilight Land." By Caroline Atwater Mason. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. xii-280.

"A Man for a' That." By George Vanderveer Morris. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 403. Price, $1.50.

"The Practice of Immortality." By Washington Gladden. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 24.

"Public Men and Public Life in Canada." Being Recollections of Parliament and the Press, and embracing a succinct account of the stirring events which led to the Confederation of British North America into the Dominion of Canada. By James Young, late member of the Dominion and Ontario Parliaments, Provincial Treasurer, and author of the "History of Galt and Dumfries," essays on the "Reciprocity Treaty," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 360. Price, $1.50.

A CHRISTMAS CHORD.

BY MABEL EARLE.

I.—LOVE.

The angel said unto them, Fear not.

All heaven is hushed in silence strange and tender;
White on the soundless streets the light is lying.
Ten thousand thousand faces bow their splendour
To listen for a new-born baby's crying.

Fear not! the days of fear are done,
Though God is great, and ye are lowly.
The Morn of Mercy is begun,
Though ye are vile, and God is holy.

Fear not, though ye have waited long;
His loving-kindness waiteth longer.
Fear not, though fierce your foe and strong;
The Saviour born to you is stronger.

Fear not; good news of bliss we bring;
All glory unto God be given!
For He is born to be your King
Who is the light of earth and heaven.

All earth is thrilling to the solemn story,
Hushed in its farthest haunts of dread and danger,
Bright through its darkest midnight from the glory
Above His baby brow in Bethlehem's manger.

II.—FAITH.

The shepherds said one to another, "Let us go."

The lambs are folded safe from fright,
The hills are hushed with snow;
Now they have gone who came in light—
O brothers, let us go!
Their song was news of bliss to-night;
O brothers, let us know!

"Fear not," he said; we were afraid,
And turning us to flee;
"Fear not, fear not:" we sank and prayed;
O brothers, can it be?
"The Christ is born to be your Aid."
O brothers, come and see!

Then, with the throng which gathered fast,
Bright on the steeps behind,
"Glory to God!" he sang and passed;
And down the echoing wind
"Peace upon earth!" we heard at last.
O brothers, come and find!

III.—HOPE.

We have seen His Star.

The dawn was pure across the paling sky
Whenso our hearts looked up and wondered, waking;
What voice of God beyond that glory high?
What answer in the silver light outbreaking?

(Morning, and noon, and night,
Across the desert white,
Our way lies out before us, bare and burning;
But since our eyes have seen His Star of light,
Our feet shall know nor faltering nor returning.)

The solemn sun moved onward to the west,
The flaming noon above the palm-trees dying.
Our toiling hands grew weary for their rest;
Our asking hearts grew faint for God's replying.
(Noonday, and night, and dawn,
Unresting have we gone
Across the desert mountains far unfolding
Unto that limit evermore withdrawn;
His star has shone, and we are come beholding.)

The night beyond the western hills grew deep;
"*Nor will it pass,*" *we said,* "*for all our pleading.*"
We laid us down in sorrow to our sleep—
When, lo: His Star was lighted for our leading.
(Midnight, or morn, or noon,
By sunlight or by moon,
Yet shall we see His face, and fall before Him;
Our hearts shall find His comfort, late or soon,
For we are coming, coming to adore Him.)

IV.—LOVE.

Light of the world, the world is dark about Thee;
Far out on Juda's hills the night is deep.
Not yet the day is come when men shall doubt Thee,
Not yet the hour when Thou must wake and weep;
O little one, O Lord of glory, sleep!

Love of all heaven, love's arms are folded round Thee,
Love's heart shall be the pillow for Thy cheek.
Not yet the hour is come when hate shall wound Thee,
Not yet for shelter vainly must Thou seek.
Rest, little one, so mighty and so weak.

Lie still and rest, Thou Rest of earth and heaven;
Rest, little hands—our hope of bliss ye keep;
Rest, little heart—one day shalt Thou be riven;
O new-born life, O Life eternal, sleep!
Far out on Juda's hills the night is deep.

PEACE ON EARTH.